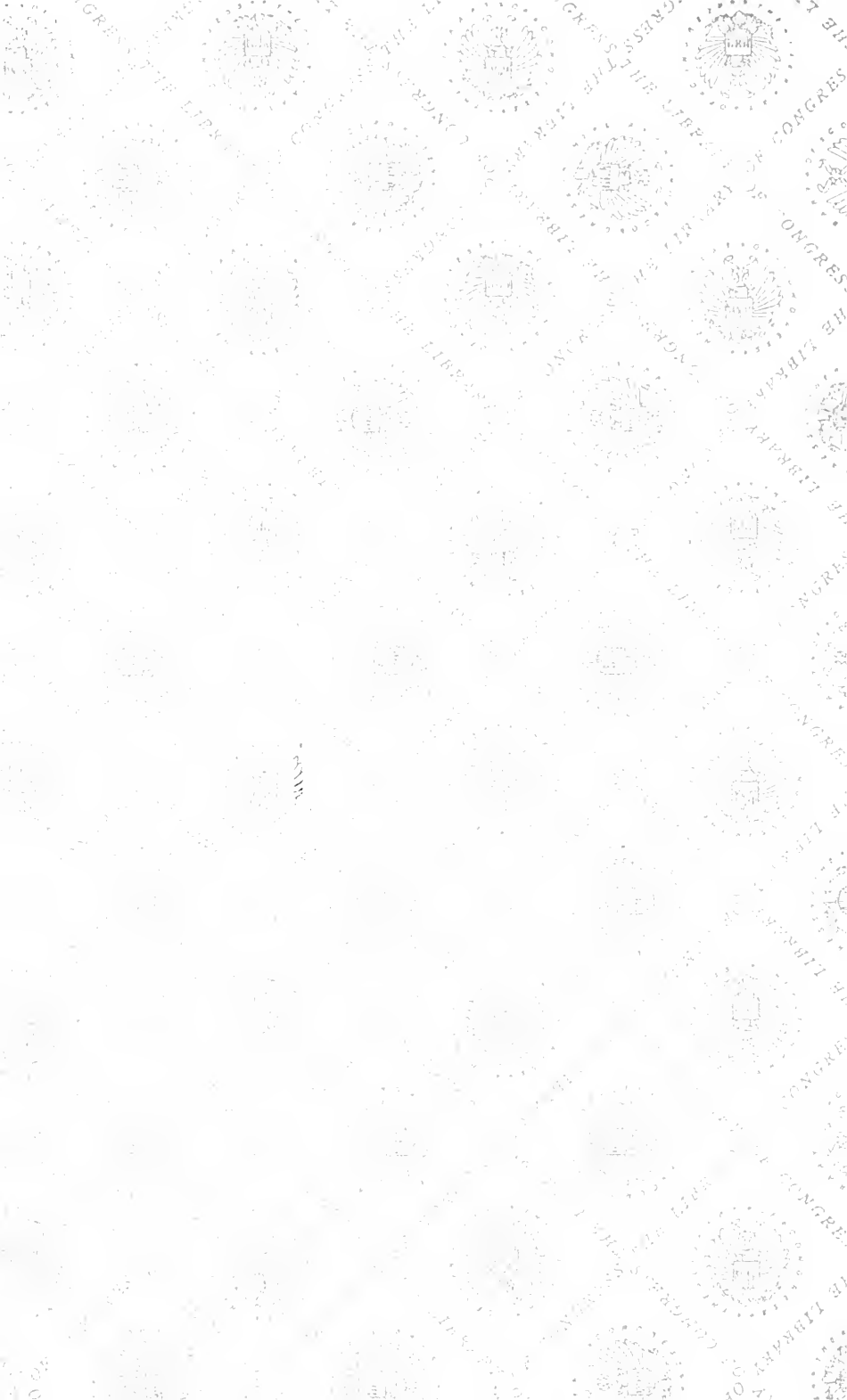


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PHILADELPHIANS ABROAD

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WM. J. CONLEN

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FOREWORD.

Lest this printed record of a summer vacation of four friends should fall in the way of the casual reader, turned critic, and thereby suffer a judgment only merited by more pretentious writings, we consider it advisable to state that to any requirements of such reader we plead *Nient Comprise*.

Brown is responsible for the printed form and all four travelers for its existence. It has been impossible to really portray the pleasure and profit of a most delightful trip. The charm is in the atmosphere of memory which it is hoped some of the following chapters will evoke —we have no more serious purpose.

“JUDGE.”

Broadview, February and June, 1908.

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CHAPTER I.

PARTLY HISTORICAL AND PARTLY PROPHETIC.

The summer of 1906 was about to begin. In America, with the Chicago meat scandal's malodorous details filling the space of the dailies and weeklies, and in England with the equally noisome details of the case of Gleason vs. Gleason, reported at full length daily in the Times.

The year itself had so far been productive of many things; some new; some startling; some destined to find a foothold and become lasting; others doomed to short lives and shorter memory.

There was the Aero Club just formed at St. Cloud, destined to be the parent of many such and to remain long in the annals of flying machines. There was the motor omnibus, just introduced on the Strand and running amuck down Fleet street exciting the Times to long editorials of disparagement and calling forth long letters decrying the innovation from half of conservative England. It, too, was to last and be the forerunner of many such until it gradually supplant the older and more picturesque buses with the friendly drivers—every one a possible Barkis or Samuel Weller.

Of those things which had first been introduced in 1906 and which were doomed to be ephemeral it is not necessary to speak; their very nature offers sufficient excuse and this history will not concern itself with them; but there was one thing in 1906 already attracting attention and shortly to attract more and ever more attention until it would be remembered even when Aero Clubs and motor-omnibuses had passed out of mind.

Already upon the side wheels of the steamboats plying up and down the Seine and upon the omnibuses driven along the boulevards of Paris, its name appeared with strange and mysterious significance. All over Paris the eye was greeted by, "Amer Picon."

It was blazoned upon the tall building and posted upon the low shack. It was everywhere that the energy of the advertiser could penetrate, and in every fashion his ingenuity could devise.

Bryan was in London, planning, it was said, a descent on the Capitol at Washington and more immediately planning a speech for the Fourth of July dinner to be given at the Hotel Cecil on the Strand.

Colonel J. S. Stickney, "Professional Paris Guide and Interpreter," his mind in an absinthian cloud, had within a week inadvertently stepped into an open cellar way at the Hotel Des Trois Gares, 1 Rue Jules Cesar, and so was absent from his accustomed stand at the general entrance of the Musee du Louvre, and, for a time, was seen to go about with his arm in a sling.

And while Bryan in London planned a descent upon the Capitol at Washington, Wilson H. Brown and Alfred S. Miller, in Philadelphia, were planning one upon London. Brown "had been to London before," as he was fond of saying. He knew just where to go when he got there, at what hotel to stop, and where to buy the best silks. Miller had also been there before and unfortunately had views of his own on the hotel question.

For days, then, at this time, Miller besieged the Courts seeking to secure permission for a prolonged absence on the part of his client, who being "High Sheriff of Philadelphia County," was fictionally supposed always to remain therein.

Up on the Hudson river, in the government academy, at West Point, an abnormally straight-backed cadet was watching the decline of a two-year period of continuous discipline and the approach of a long furlough. From time to time he would observe the height of the neighboring "hills" and mentally calculate the height of the Jungfrau and the feasibility of climbing the Matterhorn. He was anxiously awaiting news of the Sheriff's release from duty, for his name, too, was Miller, and his father had promised to take him abroad in company with the Sheriff.

Such, in general, was the condition of affairs in the early part of the summer of 1906; that is to say, in the latter part of the month of June of that year.

That year may come to be considered notable because of many diverse happenings, but it needs little of historical perspective to recognize that the most significant symbol at the period of which we write was the rather inexpressive sign now appearing about all Paris—"Amer Picon."

CHAPTER II.

THE START AND THE STARTERS.

And so it was that while the "City of Paris" cast off its moorings at the wharf below the Pont Royal in Paris on its way to St. Cloud and Suresnes, with "Amer Picon" blazoned on its side wheels, the "S. S. Cedric," White Star Line, blew its shrill whistle and slowly dropped down the East River on the morning of June 28, 1906, bound for Liverpool. The Sheriff was on board; so was Miller, and so was Miller's son, the West Pointer—the man with the Matterhorn idea, whose Christian name was Edgar.

Now Miller's son is the type of individual the police of Mulberry street term suspicious. His air of unconcern is too finished to be genuine, and his easy nonchalance too readily suggests the idea of a covert preparedness for sudden and precipitate flight. The wharf sleuth would instantly distrust him and regard him watchfully as one who has just done something or who is just about to do something. It is to these circumstances that the present scribe owes the fact that when the Cedric cast off its moorings he was on board, for Miller engaged the attention of the Steamship Company detectives to such a degree that the scribe and some Pharisees escaped their vigilance and boarded the ship. Thus this history began. Europe would soon disclose to America its latest discovery, and mankind would soon have an aid in the solace and support, the comfort and refreshment, of the great Algerian root.

A new epoch was due. The Moxie and Coca-Cola period was on the wane. Even that comforting old "wine agent," Omar Khayyam, failed to satisfy the human mind, and the tide of prohibition was heard moaning its desolate moan over the southern bar.

Nature, that workman whose adz is revolution and whose plane is evolution, was not unmindful of the need of a thirst ridden people, nor of the shabby and decrepit condition of the old epoch, but as yet, our "man of the coming event" clung to the ideas of the effete period which was nearing its end. His note book contained the name of "Henry's" as the place in Paris for a Manhattan—information thoughtfully supplied on the eve of his departure by his friend, C. H. McCanley, together with other things which might have been termed supplies—had they been bottled. His mind was stocked with informa-

tion concerning art galleries, and his ideas were of cathedrals, yet he was the agent selected for the manumission of a dusty-throated people in the bondage of the purveyor of mixed drinks.

But of all this our scribe was unaware. The only fact engaging his attention was that he was off on a first voyage to Europe—off to enjoy the realization of the dreams of years. He was to walk up the streets which had echoed to the footsteps of so many characters in history and fiction, who had grown to be his familiars. He would spend an evening with the younger Pitt in the House of Commons or would prowls about the streets after dark in the company of DeQuincy, seeking that poor unfortunate of the night, who shared her poor fortune with DeQuincy and of whom he speaks with such gratitude.

In the day time he would go about a country inhabited with the people of his imagination, or he would clothe those about him with the necessary purposes and costumes to fit into the picture of which the country was the background. He was on his first voyage and Brinton had given him a notebook in which to make memoranda of his impressions. The proper course to have pursued would have been to have thrown this notebook overboard the first day out as he did throw the ten-page manuscript of instructions also furnished by Brinton. But it is easier to throw away what some one else has written than what one has written one's self, and the new notebook was made the repository of several "impressions:" none as startling as a modern treatise on divorce, nor as Eddy-fying as a Christian Science "Bible;" and perhaps all of interest only to the scribe—but some of these same impressions will be found scattered about herein if any one pursues this history of the discovery of a people's solace any farther.

About the early impressions may be discovered something of the green, bilious tinge, incident to the first few days at sea: a salty, vigorous atmosphere seems, even to the scribe, to be lacking, and in its place is a little of the staleness of old bilge water; but they are his impressions and as difficult to be gotten rid of as the political opinion of an old line Jacksonian democrat.

Like the famous volume of Herr Tenfeldsdroekh these impressions have no method save such as may be produced through the adherence to the mere course of time. The combination is labyrinthic. Description overlaps speculation and the whole is indented with the characteristics of four individuals, utterly different in every essential.

The note book starts with those impressions crowding fast upon one another, while the boat is leaving the dock and dropping slowly down stream under the care of the pilot.

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It is then that the first voyager finds his new situation giving birth to ideas of those left behind and the new faces crowding all about him. He gains a new perspective from which he may view his friends and he almost concludes that the chief charm of going away is the presence of friends at the point of departure or their assistance either in person or by letter in the act of going. He would be a poor sort, indeed, whose heart did not warm and best feelings go out to his friends on such an occasion. He has not yet had time, perhaps, to fully reflect on those who worked silently but unselfishly to pack him off. All that comes later during the days at sea, when to sit gazing out at the sky line and reflect on these things will, if homesickness be impossible, make home and its concomitants very desirable, for those to whom home is but an idea are the most readily susceptible to its symbols. The mute evidence of a kindly thought—a pocket bible hastily included in the packing—what a poignant sense of loneliness will it not engender, a hunger for human ties and affections—a hunger so real that it grips the heart and makes for a blankness too hard almost to bear, so that one almost feels inclined to dislike the persons about—they seem so happy.

CHAPTER III.

OTHER VOYAGERS.

When an ocean liner heads toward the sea and gradually leaves the home dock behind, is a good time to catch characteristic glimpses of the passengers with whom one is to spend the next six or seven days.

The emotional linger on deck along the rail and keep their gaze fastened upon the dock fast melting into a shore line. Their thoughts are so unselfishly for the one left behind that they jostle one another and obscure one another's view, oblivious of others even in the moment of generous self-forgetfulness. Here and there the scene separates itself for you and you are able to note individual instances. For the first time you become aware that the lady in brown, whose coming on board you secretly welcomed, is the mother of the little boy with whom she is accompanied. You watch with displeasure the excitable Frenchman who flung a rose, after having kissed it an extravagant number of times, to a man on the dock. He is settling his necktie and pluming himself, and you observe him ogling the lady in brown and you are unkindly amused. Except the Frenchman, however, the people taken separately are hardly amusing. The types differ, but all are known. It is mostly a holiday crowd, a little too evidently pleasure-bound to possess much human interest. It will be different with the steerage passengers, you say, and wander aft.

There you see again the old man, whom you saw but lately bidding farewell to a woman in shabby clothes. He sits apart on a piece of baggage, his cheeks still wet with tears. He has an indescribably pathetic air of not knowing where next to turn or what to do, and sits gazing helplessly and dumbly up the river at the disappearing dock. You desire to go down and talk with the man: something in his neat but shabby appearance marks him out from his fellow voyagers. His hair is thin and gray: his face wrinkled and pale, and a stubbly growth of gray beard somehow seems to add to his general air of dejection. He is wearing his best clothes, you infer, and though it is almost summer and the day is very warm, you note that the clothes are heavy and obviously winter ones, and this speaks strongly of poverty and adds itself as a pathetic fact to the whole picture—the old-fashioned trunk, the dejected figure, old and gray and apart, seated in the steerage.

And then, when you attempt to reach the old man, you realize the steerage differences and distinctions, for the way thereto is guarded and shut off, and your visit must be deferred until you get the purser's permission. The visit will never be paid, though the old man will become a melancholy memory of the voyage.

At the purser's window, you will find mostly young girls intent upon securing last messages and steamer letters. They keep the purser busy, so you descend to the saloon; and surrounding the steward in the saloon you find the more elderly and more materially selfish providing themselves with choice seats for the voyage.

Shortly everything will settle down into routine, but for a time you find yourself being compared openly with a passenger list as if the inquisitive person could find some connection between you and any one of two hundred names upon the list. You even find yourself trying to pick out the persons to fit certain names you have noted as coming from Philadelphia, and as you are hoping that you may have a seat at table with congenial people, Miller comes along. Now, you are in the habit of passing Miller in the city many times a year without experiencing any particular emotions, but meeting him on shipboard, when you are just beginning to feel somewhat alone, is an entirely different matter. So it also seems to be with Miller, and he and you shake hands and talk; both at the same time at a great rate. And then Miller proposes that you meet Brown and the West Pointer, and that all four obtain seats at the same table. And so, finally, it is arranged and you are mighty glad to go back and inspect your stateroom.

The stateroom is your first experience. Chesterton in his essay on "The Institution of the Family," says that it would be very exciting to be snowed up in one's own street. He speaks of the "fierce varieties and uncompromising divergencies of men." He says with fine, stoic fatalism that "We make our friends: we make our enemies: but God makes our next door neighbor." But in selecting an environment calculated to inspire alarm he need not to have confined himself to a snowed-up street; nor to one's next door neighbor if he was seeking for human variety. If he wanted an example of contact with "fierce varieties" or if he wanted to name a place where one could find men uncompromisingly divergent and also have a place equally without the power of the individual and within the power of a humorous and careless Providence, he might have selected the cabin of an ocean liner. Here, certainly, our companions are a "surprise." The man in the upper berth is a "bolt from the blue." The man in the lower adjoining your own, even if he has only a tremendous snore, fills you

with vague misgivings as to whether he may not have other alarming characteristics.

Your method of inspecting your stateroom is to inspect the belongings of the two absent strangers who are to share the room with you. This inspection and a conversation with your bedroom steward supplies you with the information that "lower one" is a Yale professor and "upper three" a Hawaiian, which fact you regard as sinister. Later you learn that "upper three" has a habit of smoking a pipe in bed, and that he is afflicted with some strange asthmatic ailment which causes him to go through all the evolutions of a person choking to death. You learn this the first night out when you are awakened by the most horrible and gruesome noises coming from "upper three" and wake suddenly with a feeling that "lower one" is choking "upper three" to death. You remember the pipe smoking of "upper three" earlier in the evening and turn over to the wall smiling with malignant satisfaction and gradually the noises die into gurgles and gasps, coming more and more slowly and at greater intervals, and the sound is soothing and you fall asleep again to strange dreams in which "lower one" figures unpleasantly.

Those who go abroad in staterooms exclusively their own should read Chesterton and conclude to be more alive and venturesome and then they should trust themselves to the haphazard selection of the agent of a steamship company.

The voyage is an entrance into a new world; the taking up, as it were, of residence in a village, where inhabitants have been made up by a sort of casual selection resulting in a general representation from all quarters of the United States with a sprinkling of a foreign savor.

And the village would be run upon no mean scale, as a talk with the Purser indicates. The *Cedrie*, he tells you, is 700 feet long and sixty-five feet across the beam. She carries about 1,100 passengers, and to do so carries an extraordinary amount of foodstuffs. There are ninety barrels of flour on board, 350 pounds of yeast, 1,300 pounds of butter, 1,700 dozen eggs, 3,600 pounds of mutton and lamb, 6,000 pounds of fowl, to say nothing of the tons of beef and water, many bottles of water and liquors.

Nearly 600 employes are ready to serve and guard the passengers.

Wandering about the village is a pleasure. Four decks are available for strolls, and each one peopled with fellow voyagers, talking, reading, gazing out at sea, or nodding to one another. As in a village, there is the gradual formation of groups of varied types. The people fall into alignment, so to speak, with one another. Here accidental

neighborhood at table, or the chance adjoining of steamer chairs, or proximity of staterooms, results in acquaintances and groupings, as singular and as violently varied as may possibly be found in any village. Zest is added to one's every movement, and each moment of the first few days has the lively interest born of the nearness and possible approach of some one new and strange, but surely interesting, and, perhaps, romantically attractive.

At the table with our four friends, the little mischievous god of chance, abandoning for the nonce his prankish humor, had permitted a grouping singularly free from ambiguous traits or absurd differences. Coming mostly from the same city, and having friends in common, no strained adjustment is needed to make Miller and his party fit in with the others at table, so that the net result will go far to help in making a pleasant voyage.

At the head of the table is seated Harrison S. Morris with little Katharine, his six-year-old daughter, on his right, and Mrs. Morris on his left. Grouped about the other end Mr. La Boiteaux and party sit. The whole party Philadelphians except Dr. J. O. O'Reilly and wife, hailing from Boston and just entered upon their honeymoon—a fact soon extracted by Mrs. Morris from the confiding husband.

It might as well be said now. The fact is too glaring to be overlooked and its consequences too far reaching to warrant any slight. Mrs. Morris is a leach—a gimlet, a veritable auger. She fastens upon one and sucks up the most deeply buried confidence. She sets to work and bores through the most hardened reserve. She covers one, so to speak, and then absorbs one's little story like a sponge. She almost succeeded in getting the confidence of Brown, and thus breaking down the caution of a lifetime. She reduced the present scribe to the condition of a desiccated orange after the blight of an early Florida frost. And Miller, Sr., spent hours in pouring into her sympathetic ear his ever-increasing wonderment at the inherent wickedness of the world, and the strong propensity for gambling in the male sex.

An observing bachelor—and bachelors are life's best philosophers—remarks that the rule surest to obtain in the strange selection resulting in man and wife is: "The most charming woman to the least deserving man."

The rule had not been unobserved in the case of Harrison Morris. Green overcoat, bicycle shoes, slouch hat and a certain readiness for a deck promenade, coupled with an equal readiness in the expression of opinions would serve to make up Morris if we subtract his devotion to Mrs. Morris, which was only equaled by his devotion to Crabb's

Robertson's Diary. His ability somehow to swing along side one in a long, deck tramp and contrive in some silent, indefinable way to make for quiet and soul satisfying companionship and the sense he gave one of a ripe, observant, though sometimes acrid, judgment of men. Then, too, Morris had the right sort of knowledge, respecting the right sort of places in London and Paris. Not in Philistine haunts nor the centers of the blatant tourists, but the spots just off the main track; the quiet shallows beside the turbulent stream, where the best sort of times are to be had. We have forgotten the names of all save the Hotel Dieu Donneé, but we have not forgotten the look of the streets on which they may be found, and we have a delightful, vague recollection, of the face of one particular head waiter—solicitous and concerned even over Miller's querulous remarks.

With these folks at table, and with Nutty and Worthington waiting for one in the smoking room, it was not difficult to keep the blue devil, loneliness, well astern of one's consciousness.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE VOYAGERS.

It was Nutty who discovered "Morning Glory" to us, and, although it was soon discovered that "Morning Glory" went in for Christian Science, yet she went in for so many other more companionable things that we quite forgave her—that is, every one did but Brown. Brown, with an unselfish disregard of time, and with an enthusiasm almost juvenile, devoted himself to bringing "Morning Glory" back to the orthodox, and teaching her the fallacies at the root of Christian Science. He promenaded the deck in her company—in the company of "Morning Glory," who had all the grace and charm which seems to hang about the priestesses of strange faiths, and while we all looked on we felt only that if earnestness and persistence counted Brown would prevail.

It was Nutty, too, who taught us to play "Honest John." Equally as fascinating as "Morning Glory" we found this new game. Indeed, it was more so, for more than one could play the game at the same time. Nutty taught the game but Worthington knew it better—oh, a hundred dollars' worth better! But Nutty had all the ardor of a new convert in spite of the cool nonchalance of Worthy, the old hand. And so it was that the village had its bad boy.

Who taught us how to guess the run
And bet a five pun note for fun?

Why, Nutty.

Who never once was seen to shun
The bottle where was kept the bun?

Why, Nutty.

And then there was F. E. Bright and wife. Bright, the purveyor of bottled Fifth Avenue Hotel cocktails—not produced until the third day out. Who will ever forget the occasion? The solemn march to the stateroom, the hushed expectancy, the slow experimental sip, and then the sigh of satisfied delight. Brown was almost reduced to tears, and Bright had won a place in the memory of his friends from which nothing will ever displace him. Bright was said to have a "White" steamer on board, but his story was received with good-natured indulgence, much as Brown's story about the trunk. Brown appeared for three days with monotonous regularity in the same outfit. Not

even a different necktie to allay the suspicion of a scanty wardrobe. To every one who would listen he told a story, strangely lacking in circumstantial detail, about having lost a trunk, and to give certain color to the yarn, Brown spent several hours each day rummaging between decks with the purser "in search of the missing trunk." An inquest, duly summoned, sat upon the question of the disappearance of the trunk and evidence was taken on both sides and after deliberation the inquest found that Brown never had a trunk. The finding was coupled with a recommendation to the mercy of Brown's friends, and a request to help make up a wardrobe. And so Brown became resplendent and strutted about in his borrowed plumes beside "Morning Glory."

Perchance, 'twas because his new necktie was red,
 Perchance, 'twas a fault in the shape of his head,
 "Perchance, 'twas a fault in themselves; I am bound not
 To say; this I know—that these two creatures found not
 In each other some sign they expected to find
 Of a something unnamed in the heart or the mind,
 And, missing it, each felt a right to complain
 Of a sadness which each found no word to explain."

But the White steamer duly appeared at Liverpool, and later at London, to furnish a happy day along the Thames in a ride with Bright to the races at Kingston, and even Brown's trunk, despite the inquest, appeared in proper person when the voyage was nearly at an end.

CHAPTER V.

EPISODES AND ETERNITIES.

Meanwhile Fourth of July was approaching, and patriotism was swelling in the bosom of our friends. The West Pointer awoke himself in the morning by whistling the first bars of the "Star Spangled Banner," and Miller began to go over the almost forgotten lines of an ancient flag-raising speech in the artfully concealed hope that he would be called upon for a few remarks in the saloon. (We hope to be understood as meaning the dining saloon.)

In the smoking room an entertainment was planned and a programme of "sports" was arranged.

Shakespeare was speaking of sack and not of patriotism when he spoke of the "Warming of the blood, which before, cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice," but how inapt and futile are Shakespeare's clumsy figures of speech, how scanty and mean, to picture the reckless daring, the fate-scorning courage of the Judge, who flung down his challenge before the menacing countenance of the West Pointer and engaged him for a boxing bout before the ship's company on the approaching Fourth of July.

Does Homer furnish any action more brave? Picture the scene. A rolling, uncertain ship. The crowding, blood-thirsty passengers. A "cabined and confined" ring chalked upon the deck. No avenue of escape save over the ship's side. But the picture is not real. The bout never came off. The challenge had been given under the warming influence of patriotism and a modicum of "sack." The gloves were wanting—pillows were not a fitting substitute, and the celebration of the Fourth was left, as is the custom, to the youngsters. Only a concert was given, of which one's only recollection is the recitation by Miss Alice Anderton of the triumph of one Guiseppe, whose enemy had stripped him of everything

"But notta Carlotta,
You betcha life notta,
I gotta."

The concert was a great success, attended by all of the first passenger list. The proceeds went to the "Seamen's Home," but there was a much nearer object for sympathy had the passengers only

down. For while they played and sang in their well-appointed saloon, there lay within a few yards of them, below in the steerage, an old voyager upon life's track engaged in his final struggle with the grim destroyer.

We had marked him when he came on board and set him apart from the rest. He seemed different somehow, perhaps because the imprint of the tragic was already upon him, and as he sat upon his old-fashioned trunk he may have been surrounded by a prescient atmosphere which we did not recognize—though he was a creature already marked of destiny.

It appears that he had kept aloof from the rest of his fellow passengers and nothing was known save his name and destination, and that he had been accompanied to the steamer by his daughter, whose name and whereabouts were unknown. And now he was dead. He had died alone upon his poor straw bed and his burial was left to alien hands.

To the sailors it was only a matter for superstitious comment. To the officers it was a matter requiring the filling up of several blank certificates—a needless formality, to be followed by one equally needless—the burial service at sea.

At midnight, below decks, the service was read. The body lay sewed up in a sack, together with lumps of coal and a piece or two of iron, sparingly supplied from the ship's store. We placed upon it a rose on behalf of the daughter back somewhere across the sea and then turned away while the sack was thrust through a port hole and the body fell with a splash into the sea.

Forward every one was sleeping peacefully and the *Cedric* pushed onward in the night, huge, powerful, insentient; partaking somewhat of life in its pitiless onrush and a little of fate in its complete abandonment of the old man out there in the dark and the deep.

CHAPTER VI.

ENGLAND.

Meanwhile, we were covering nearly four hundred miles a day and presently Queenstown was heralded as coming into view at 4 o'clock on the morning of the next day. And now Miller began to show evidence of the interest which he was to manifest during the rest of the trip. Miller's 200 avoirdupois encased a romantic and poetic soul. He loved to discuss the various styles of architecture and cite and describe examples, and he insisted upon sharing his enthusiasm and the burdens it imposed.

At 4 o'clock of a chilly, damp morning he routed the West Pointer and the Judge and haled them on deck to view the distant southern shore of Ireland. Sea gulls circled overhead and cawed their derision of the three shivering enthusiasts.

Queenstown was still hours away, and Ireland was a faint streak just discernible off to port. The West Pointer went back grumbling to bed, but the Judge, meekly dissembling, pretended to see through a pair of binoculars all that Miller said should be seen. Not even the subsequent recollection of fresh, luscious strawberries, taken on board at Queenstown, will serve to erase the memory of the utter wretchedness of that chill and melancholy morning and of Miller's tales of his first voyage, and the charms incident to a sunrise at sea. The sun didn't rise. Nothing rose but the prow of the steamer in unison with a breakfastless stomach.

The next day we were in England.

In England, the place of extortionate tips,
Oh, fate, keep the swear word away from our lips!
And when we're in France, please cause us to flee
From the charms of delightful, disgusting Patee.

It was late evening when we came up the Mersey, the whole passenger list crowding along the rail to catch the first glimpse of Liverpool. From afar we could see the lights of the city, and as we approached nearer many mistook the numerous lights of a pleasure park, just below Liverpool, for the city itself.

At night is, without doubt, the best time to land at Liverpool, or, better still, to come along side without landing, for landing at night

has many unnecessary inconveniences not to be measured with the comfort to be derived from spending the night on board. But the sight of the city is tempting enough after nine days of broad ocean, and the lights making vague and mysterious the outlines of the houses and taller buildings and setting off the huge blackness of the country beyond, and the hum of another busy continent coming as something new to ears now accustomed and familiar only with the vibrating screw, all operate to create an impatience which will hardly brook the delay of making fast the landing stage.

Every one is saying good-bye to every one else or straining their eyes trying to distinguish the faces of waiting friends. Mrs. Morris is culpably alert, intent upon smuggling little Katharine past quarantine, for Katharine has been mysteriously missing from the table the last few days, and cruel rumor whispers of chicken pox.

Nutty has been able to open communication with his Paris agent on the wharf and basely neglects "Morning Glory." And presently most of the passengers pour down the gangway and leave the ship to the few stragglers who have decided to await the morning before landing. With this few may be found Brown, Miller, et al., and they are soon stowed away in their staterooms, getting the last long sleep prior to the very active sightseeing trip which is to begin with the morning.

It was July 8 when the party landed at Liverpool. The boat had dropped down stream and had been "docked" in the course of the night and in the morning she lay high and dry in dock, some five feet above the surface of the river, exposed to view her full length and looking every inch the fine craft she is.

At the dock a cab was taken for the ferry landing where the party purposed taking the Birkenhead ferry, for it had been decided over night to make Chester our first objective point. We drove for a half hour along the Liverpool "docks" and warehouses worthy the name and unlike any such in America; but along their walls, a circumstance also unlike anything in America, although it was now 9 o'clock in the morning, could be seen form after form of man or boy huddled in sleep upon the bare pavement with coat drawn up over head and misery and poverty speaking in every line of their prostrate figures. It was then we began to be country proud, and not even Westminster Abbey succeeded in abating that pride.

From Birkenhead to Chester by train was a trip rife with new subjects for observation every minute. The trains first of all with their guards, and their first, second and third-class compartments. The light rails, the light coaches and lack of road crossings, the passing

country, something different in the hedges, in the very grass. The sheep and the cows, all new and only strangely and somehow familiarly resembling similar cattle at home. We were fresh for impressions and they crowded in at every curve of the rail. We were now positive we were in England and now for the first time understood Browning—two lines of his at least, not to be too extravagant:

“Oh! to be in England
Now that April’s there.”

We were tempted to alight at some station, oh! anywhere, now we were in England; but Miller persuaded us to wait for Chester and we are glad we did so.

If Chester is to be remembered by us only because it was there we met Charlie Wake, yet it will never fade from our recollection. But Chester is remembered for many other reasons. It was good to lunch at the Grosvenor and have shandy gaff. It is almost a dream that we had pigeon pie accompanied by the ever-present inability to use the aspirate. “’Ave a cup of eorfe, sir?” “I’ll take some milk.” “Aint got no milk, sir.” “’Ave some tea, sir?”

Of course, Miller wanted to get right out and see the Cathedral. His needs were always immediate and in every trifling delay he saw nothing but a waste of good, “sightseeing” time, but, happily for us all, Brown held him back to meet and hear Charlie Wake exclaim over the remarkable favor of the gods in putting Brown and him in Chester at the same time, and then it developed that Wake had a big Thomas car at the door and soon we were beside it meeting Mrs. Erbacher and her son, and presently we were going from point to point all about the town, breaking speed laws and tooting our horns beneath the noses of English bobbies. The motor car had its usual demoralizing influence, and it was not long before Brown and Miller announced an intencion of accompanying Wake and party to Warwick, leaving the West Pointer and the Judge to really see Chester and then start north for the land of the scones and the salmon. After the party separated the West Pointer and the Judge walked around the delightfully crooked walls, climbed the steps at its uneven points, crossed its arches and gazed upon the old ramparts and battlements, dreaming of the “glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome.”

And then came services in the cathedral and afterward an examination of the crypt in the company of two beadles very much like those of James’ “a couple of those grotesque creatures, a la

English life, as one finds squeezed into every cranny of English civilization, scraping a thin subsistence like mites in a mouldy cheese."

We were naturally disappointed to find that we could go by trolley from Chester out to Eton Hall. It was the best example we were able to find of English landed estates; but most of our impression of it was received from Baedeker, and not from any visual images upon our minds, for after we had wandered through the gardens and walked round some idea of the mansion itself, we were given to understand that on Sundays the grounds and hall were not open to visitors. This is the rule obtained with regard to Hawarden Castle, which we visited only because of Gladstone's connection therewith, and not with a view to adding to our impressions of landed estates, for the walk through the gardens of Eton had been all sufficient in that respect.

The mere size of the property occupied as "his seat" by the Duke of Westminster (though we were told at Chester that the young Duke had only visited the Hall twice in as many years), evoked a wish for

"Time that was, ere England's grief began,

When every foot of ground maintained its man."

The remembrance of those huddled figures upon the pavements of Liverpool had a queer way of coming forward in contrast with those carefully nurtured and tended trees and flowers of the young Duke's, whose humor, as it was hardly a young man of promise, and somehow the contrast was dispiriting. Such estates, however, go to make up England, a people and an unmitigated England—the England that is. Forget that she can proffer no excuses for herself.

"If England was what England seems,

How quick we'd check her—but she ain't."

But a far prettier sight than Eton Hall may be seen of a Sunday morning near Chester, and we were off to see it.

It must have been chance that directed our footsteps to the River Deira rather than to a boatman who was easily persuaded to part with a light "working boat" at the rate of 6d per hour. It was not until Miller was busy demonstrating the oarsmanship of a West Pointer and the banks of the Dee had begun to flow down beside us, that actual and real English life was unfolded to view. Baedeker is almost silent on the subject of the Dee, but we recommend it as one of the principal sights of our Chester. Go in the late afternoon, as we did, and row slowly upstream, past every manner of small craft, each carrying its

absorbingly interesting freight. It is all English to the core, and every variety of English is there from 'Arry and 'Arriett, boisterous in evidencing the pleasure they are having, to Algernon and Angelina, too evidently intent upon the eternal ego—the only really "class-conscious" sort of persons we know.

As we rowed along, upon either bank of the river were seen well-worn paths traversed by man and maid, for it was Sunday and the day was ideal, and all Chester seemed to have left the town to foolish tourists and to be out there really enjoying England.

It was difficult to leave this scene, even though Scotland and its lakes beckoned, but the evening found us upon the Great Western bound for Crewe where we had some insight into the stupidity and insolence of an English railway "inspector" before receiving our first impression of an English sleeping-car, a thing we soon designated "a contraption," in comparison with the same sort of thing in America.

CHAPTER VII.

SCOTLAND.

When we climbed out of the sleeper it was 8 o'clock the next morning and we were in Glasgow, the modern city of Great Britain and one well calculated to awaken envy in the breast of a Philadelphian on account of its admirable water system, its cheap and rapid transit, to say nothing of its gas works—all arguments for municipal ownership; or so Brown told us afterward and produced heavy-looking books to prove it.

Our schedule gave us very little time for Glasgow, but with the aid of a hansom and a willing driver we were able to visit the cathedral and its neighboring necropolis; the university and the art museum—the only memory of which is Whistler's portrait of Thomas Carlyle, though we regret our inability to recall its Rubens and Murillos.

By 9:30 we were en route for the Trossachs by way of Stirling and Bannockburn. It was not in Glasgow, but in passing these two places, evocative as they are of we know not what ideas of Douglas and Bruce and old Scottish chiefs, that the beauty and charm and poetry of Scotland came upon us with a rush—with such a rush that whole stanzas of the long-neglected "Lady of the Lake" was ours once more—ours, not to serve as the subject of a "language lesson," but as a guide along the path of the chase and over the trackless lakes.

After Bannockburn came Callender, where we changed from the railway to the front-near-the-driver seats of a well-appointed tally-ho, drawn by four good horses. And soon we were driving through the most picturesque and charming country, passing Coilantogle Ford, the Brig of Turk, the distant Ben Ledi and coming in the midst of the Trossachs upon Loch Achray, above whose banks we had lunch at the Trossachs Hotel. The lunch furnished our first introduction to Scottish scones. They were served with cold meat and Cheshire cheese and were eagerly devoured—perhaps because the drive had created "soldiers' appetites;" however it may be, the notes made at the time dilate upon the extraordinary and peculiar virtues of scones, but without that minute description of either their general appearance or their general characteristics, such as a statement of virtues would seem to require, and now we find ourself able to recall the salient features of a scone no more than we can call to mind our first impressions of

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a peach. And so we mourn the loss of one of life's best experiences.

At 1 o'clock we again mounted the coach and were driven to Loch Katrine. We had passed along the finest of the chase described by Scott: we had passed the place where Fitz-James lamented over the loss of his "gallant gray," and we now stood, or fancied we stood, on the spot where he winded his horn and called from Ellens Isle the Lady of the Lake.

The day was perfect—neither too warm nor too cool. A slight breeze was blowing with only sufficient force to cause the waters of the lake to wash, in little white-capped waves across the "silver strand." Before us stretched the lake in nine miles of beauty, all around us were cliffs and crags, mounds and rocks, "confusedly hurled—the fragments of an earlier world," while all about

"The wild rose, eglantine and broom,
Wafted around their rich perfume;
The birch trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Played on the water's still expanse."

And on our left, Ben Venue, ridge on ridge, rose stern and steep to its 2,400 feet height, while farther to the left, and in the hazy distance, we could deery Ben Lomond and plan its ascent.

But now we climbed a neighboring cliff and gazed back along the way we had come—back to Monans rill, where "at eve the stag had drunk its fill," and back to "Glenartney's hazel shade" where "deep his midnight lair (he'd) made" and we forgot the tourists gathered below waiting for the boat and soon were back to the days of the Pibroch of Donnill Dhu; to the days of the war-pipe and pennon and were only recalled by the shrill pipe of the Princess May's whistle calling us for the ride down the lake to Stronachlachar.

The captain of the Princess May, a bewhiskered and good-natured, but canny Scot, employed most of the time of the trip in dilating, to young Miller, on the arduous nature of a climb up Ben Lomond, of its marshes and fogs and mists, at this season, and of the possibility of getting lost at nightfall—and so it was that Miller became convinced of the necessity of climbing the mountain.

The steamer was well crowded with tourists, mostly English, off on a few days' trip, and when we reached Stronachlachar, the coaches were required to make two trips to carry all the passengers over to Inversnaid.

While we were waiting to be taken over to Inversnaid, we made the acquaintance of Donald Ferguson, the proprietor of Stronachlachar Hotel, a Scotsman to as full an extent as the name would imply. He talked to us of Rob Roy and Glengyle and told us of the graveyard of Clan Gregor and then alas! took us in to see his "picture" postal cards—a modern innovation we felt had no place in this romantic place, though Miller fell upon the postals and straightway was addressing a dozen or more to different persons in the "States."

Soon we were again on a coach covering the five and a half miles over the ridge from Loch Katrine to Loch Lomond and making a descent of some four hundred feet. Then came bread and marmalade—fresh from Dundee in huge crocks, and the inevitable tea; and presently we were embarked upon a side-wheeler and heading down the lake, followed by numerous circling gulls, to whom some of the passengers threw chunks of bread that they might see the gulls swoop down and catch the bread in midair. The gulls were in keeping with the wild surroundings and helped to a realization of the size of this twenty-five-mile-long Scottish lake. But we did not cover half this length, for Rowardennon came into view and pleased our fancy.

Brinton's "notes" had stated that in Scotland we should stop and spend the night at the first place which struck our fancy. It was the only bit of Brinton's advice which had about it the true ring of experience, and here was a place at the foot of Ben Lomond fanciful and romantic enough to appeal irresistibly, "and, besides," Miller argued, "we can climb the mountain before dinner." The argument almost dissuaded, but we had asked the captain to stop and the boat was nearing the landing, and presently we found ourselves, with our traps, standing alone upon a deserted pier.

It was several hundred yards to the little "Rowardennon Inn," and when we announced there that it was our purpose to ascend Ben Lomond that night, we sprung a small surprise upon the natives, whose protests only added to Miller's desire, and at 5:40 p. m. the ascent was begun.

We left our coats in the hotel and only wore sweaters, which we soon wished we had left behind for sweaters soon became unnecessary and only articles to be doffed and carried, as we vigorously pushed on up Ben Lomond.

"We'll break the record," said Miller, "and get down again before the natives think we are up."

Here and there as we ascended, our pathway was disputed by a menacing and sinister-looking ram, which we were compelled to

stone before we could proceed, and the farther up we went the more the rams and sheep increased. Not a shepherd was to be seen and **everything** went to make for solitude and quiet—the occasional tinkle of a sheep's bell was the only sound and when our feet loosened a stone and it rolled down the mountain side, the silence was intensified. Half way up, the path became lost in a morass, and we spent some minutes in trying to find its continuation, only to become aware that we had even lost track of the path by which we had come. Darkness began to fall and the pessimistic croakings of the Rowardennon folks began to occur to us, but Miller professed the most intimate acquaintance with mountain climbing and we pushed forward.

At 7:10 we reached the summit of Ben Lomond, 3,192 feet above sea level. We were in the clouds and also in the path of an icy blast, and were very glad for the protection of sweaters.

The extreme cold prevented our remaining long to enjoy the view, though most of the country was still discernible beneath us. On all sides stretched the hills and lakes and rivers of Scotland. To the east we could deery the Firth of Forth and even fancied we could see Edinburgh. Off to the south we could see the Clyde and at our feet stretched Loch Lomond dotted with islands—a sight well worth the climb, but we only remained at the summit fifteen minutes and began to descend at 7:25.

We ran the first mile and then we slid down part of the way seated on boards and sliding over the rough heather, and at 8:30 we had finished the descent and made a new record for Rowardennon, besides furnishing the subject for a dispute between the natives, for some held that we never reached the summit of the mountain and privily examined us, each apart from the other, to see if our descriptions of the summit corresponded with the fact. The dispute may be still raging. We left the disputants in active conflict to go off and take a swim in Loch Lomond, to be followed by a supper of cold, fresh salmon, just taken that afternoon from the lake.

The next morning we took the boat to Balloch and then the train to Glasgow and Edinburgh, arriving in Edinburgh one hour after leaving Glasgow.

The fortifications at Edinburgh engaged the attention of Miller, and we had hardly established ourselves at the Royal Hotel before we were rolling off in a hansom to the castle with its "mons Meg" and seven gateways.

It was our first sight of a moat and of a porteullis and perhaps our enthusiasm was unpleasing to the guide—at least he took toward

us a condescending attitude and referred to the different parts of the castle with an air which plainly said, "The old thing is nothing much to speak of." When we spoke of the size of the rock upon which the castle stands—a mass twenty-seven acres at the base and eleven acres on top—the canny old Scot opined that "it was summat of a cinder."

From the castle we went to Parliament House where the supreme law courts of Scotland sit. The courts were reached only after passing down the "Great Hall" which at the time was thronged with "advocates" and solicitors and their clients, walking up and down or standing apart conversing in low tones—the advocates be-wigged and be-gowned, and some of the younger-looking ones pacing back and forth in a very pompous manner, indeed. We were sorry to note that the wigs were all of a shabby and mean character, and, indeed, most of the lawyers were a shabby, hungry-looking lot, almost as hungry and meagre-looking as the students we saw later at the university, though *they* all had an air of being terribly in earnest.

Beyond the "Great Hall" was the "Outer House," a court room where one judge sat listening to a divorce case in which the testimony differed not one whit from the sort of testimony heard in an American court trying the same cause. Beyond the "Outer House" we found three lords sitting in the "Inner Court" listening to an argument on the question of a covenant running with the land. It was "My Lud" this and "My Lud" that; and "If your Ludship please," all in the most delightful Scottish brogue. Much more time was given to the argument of the legal question than would be afforded in this country, and the most striking fact was the uniform courtesy with which the judges listened to the attorneys and the dignified way in which they interrupted an argument to interject their own thought on the question.

But we hadn't come over for law courts and soon we were driving down High street past "John Knox's House" to Holyrood Palace, where we saw the rooms of Mary, Queen of Scots (and thought them unattractive enough), and saw, or thought we saw the stain on the floor made by the blood of Rizzio.

Adjoining the palace was the ruined Holyrood Chapel, with the afternoon sun shining through its casements and making such a picture that we went outside to the hansom for our camera. In the midst of taking the picture we were apprehended by a guard who threatened to have us confined in the castle. It was an opportunity to try a Scot's sense of humor and one by which we profited so that now we

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are able to add our testimony cumulatively to the world's and state that a Scotchman, not excepting a Scotch policeman, has no sense of humor.

We got the picture, however, though the focus seems to have been a little disturbed with the arrest.

In driving away it was with a new appreciative sense that we passed beside the ring and cross in a street known as the Sanctuary, where, in the old days, the malefactor might flee and be free from arrest.

After dinner came our first experience in a Scottish theater. We went to the "Empire" a "high-class variety" theater. We paid 3s for seats in the stalls and sat and talked with several very delightful citizens of Edinburgh. Our only recollection of the performance is a song which threw an intimate sidelight on a phase of Cockney life, sung by Miss Rachel Lowe and called, "They All Go To Church on Sunday." The song was descriptive of certain social amenities incident to Saturday night, but each verse wound up with the assurance that "They all go to church on Sunday."

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CHAPTER VIII.

LONDON.

Brown and Miller, Sr., by this time were at Leicester as the guests of Mr. Wm. Sculthorpe, and they telegraphed to Edinburgh instructing Miller, Jr., and the Judge to stop off at West Leigh and obtain some idea of British home life. But this was not what they came out to see and at Edinburgh they took the night express for London.

As some one has put it, "London is something of a proposition." How to state this proposition in terms the most readily to convey its impression upon us, is a difficult matter. The melancholy village statistician, would, we know, shake his head in a sad, comprehending way if we were to state that in proportion to its population London produced more lunatics than any other city in the world. He might be equally affected to dubious sorrow were we to assert the fact that in London there is a birth and a death every moment of the day.

Description by the statement that London's area is ten miles square, and its population over five millions, is equally inadequate and would please only the lover of the abstract. No; these terms will not do.

For us, London is expressed as the location of Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the Strand, the Inns of Court and the Capitol of the English world. London is a magic city for us by day and by night. It is the only "old world" with which we are familiar. We know its streets from Dickens and its parks from Barrie. We have known its principal buildings and houses all our lives. Its great men have been known to us almost intimately. It is familiar in its every phase—in sunshine and in fog, en fete and turbulent with riots. We know the coster and the bobby—and the bus and the coach.

We know the whole city and when we arrived at 8 a. m. on the morning of July 11, we went about it with easy familiarity. After installing ourselves at the Cecil, we took a bus on the Strand for Ludgate Circus with the idea of getting home letters.

Of course, there were no home letters and nothing disappointed we sallied forth to Hanover Square to interview a tailor.

There is a great satisfaction in going to a London tailor—a satisfaction one never takes away with him; but it is really one of the first

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things to do on your first trip to London, a thing not necessary to repeat, but a thing of which the going without creates a queer sense of an indefinable void—or so we felt, and therefore we went to Hanover Square and squandered 7-10 on a rain coat.

From the tailor's we hastened to London Tower, though we were conscious of a feeling that the proper course of conduct would be to loiter through Hyde Park, and then saunter down Pall Mall to a club.

At the Tower we gave ourselves over to an examination of the crown jewels and the collection of arms and armour in conformity with the example of the many visitors apparently bent, as we were, in seeing as much as possible in the shortest possible time.

It was not until Traitor's Gate was passed and we had come upon the carved mementoes of injustice and unhappiness left upon the stone walls by the prisoners of Beauchamp Tower, that we began to catch a little of the light which the tower and its contents throw upon the individual price paid to make England great.

And then suddenly it was all with us and we went back again to the White Tower and there they all were in their customary attitudes. Henry VIII and Richard Coeur de Lion with their pages and outriders, Richard the Third and Richard, Duke of York. We could hear the ancient tramp and the clank of the chains and armor. The lights from the bright battle axes played again upon the plumes of Sir Knight, the jousting spear rested again upon the stirrup of the tournament saddle, and, with my lady's colors upon his shield, Sir Launcelot rode once again in the lists.

As if from the wand of some conjurer whole time-worn spectacles present themselves one after another. Old voices long since dead are heard, some grave and austere, some gay and joyful, some tender and sad, for here imprisoned in chain of mail and buried behind iron visor or concealed behind an old shield, still and silent and fixed forever, are old intrigues and disputes, old hopes and ambitions, old loves and hates. All the old human motives, the causes and hidden springs of England's history, still now forever, but in their very silence speaking to the living age in reminders seldom heard of the eternal vanity of it all.

How easy it is to go down the road to yesterday until we are back with the people of halberd and lance—back in old "merrie" England—and how readily we understand it all.

"They change their skies above them,
But not their hearts that roam.
We learned from our wistful mothers
To call old England 'home.' "

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We became impregnated with the "atmosphere" of England in the Tower and it remained with us, through all our varied experiences in London, dim at times, at others just vaguely impressionistic; but never intense again until we were beneath the roof of Westminster Abbey, and though we went direct from the Tower to St. Paul's we had lost much of the atmosphere. It trailed behind us as we went along the meaner buildings beside the Thames and some of it was lost about the corners of the buildings near the Bank of England (those about Lombard street), swallowed up, perhaps in the atmosphere of the modern commercial activity of present day London. But when we had lunched at the Cheshire Cheese, in fanciful company with old Johnson, we knew that enough of the "atmosphere" had been saved to color our entire stay, and we even had the temerity to spend the afternoon at an English Turkish bath in order to reduce somewhat of the stiffness left by our record-breaking feat at Ben Lomond.

On returning to the hotel we found Brown and Miller back from their excursion in Leicester and loud in their praises of Sculthorpe. and, so glad was the Judge to see them that he instantly determined upon carrying out a plan long harbored in his breast. He would give a dinner at the Savoy. Brown and the Millers would be there and there would be also one or two creatures of his fancy, witty, vivacious and fair, charming and companionable persons, eager and sympathetic, attuned to every mood and fitting in complete harmony with the soft lights and low music, the bright faces and table flowers of the Savoy. Creatures wholly ideal, but appreciative, even more than the real guests, of the strained green turtle, and the caneton a la presse, and the *clos de Voegot*.

It was to be a dinner! Had he not planned it so and had it not been so written in his dreams ever since he had come upon "*Le Lettre d'Amour*."

But alas! for the trivial and inconsequential: with what frequency does it not mar human enjoyment. What a little thing will set our schemes awry and put a dull negative to our bright, assertive hopes.

The Savoy had a rule requiring dress suits in its dining room, and Miller had no dress suit—only a long-tailed, low-cut simulacrum of a dress suit—too palpably unreal to escape the lynx-eyed and inexorable head waiter who excluded him from the room, and though the dinner was ordered and the Judge and Brown sat down, how melancholy the whole affair became, no creatures of fancy, no charming persons, witty and fair—nothing but a dull ache attuned to the music which seemed to sing

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“ 'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay.”

“The band was playing somewhere and somewhere hearts were light, somewhere men were laughing and children were at play,” but that first night of the Philadelphia party in London closed upon a heavy-hearted and dispirited misanthrope, whose mind was sombre and subdued.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ABBEY.

“Erewhile the age was darksome and had something left in it of the infelicity and calamity of the Goths” but today we went to Westminster Abbey and the absurdity of last night’s dinner is forgotten in the profundity of the abbey.

It is a task of too serious a hue for this inept and inexperienced pen, unused as it is to any sustained dignity of expression (being rather the creature of the inconsequential), to attempt to describe the epitome of English history, Westminster Abbey.

If Carlyle is right in his postulate, that history is the record of the lives of men, and we believe he is, then we were justified in feeling that almost all of England, all of old England, at least, was concentrated in and compressed within the walls of Westminster Abbey.

In the aisles and transepts, what an array of names of great citizens—citizens whose history is the history of England.

Here is the monument of William Pitt over the spot where he was laid, surrounded by the monuments of others scarcely less worthy; opposite lies Palmerston removed by the width of the Abbey almost from his contemporary Cobden, who died in the same year as his master.

Further on, all of eloquence seems to be buried beneath the name, Henry Grattan, until we see just beyond the names of Charles Fox and the younger Pitt, close together, rivals in death, almost, each claiming an equal share of attention.

What school-boy spirit of emulation will not awaken in one’s breast at such a solemn roll-call of worthies. There they lie, in honor—the greatest England can afford. Fixed they are, as much as anything human can be fixed in the world’s history. They left their imprint upon their time and the world is better for their having lived. And here they lie, stationary, as it were, in the flux of time, to engage the awe and reverence of every son of the Anglo-Saxon people.

Yes, the rivalry for greatness still continues beyond death. The master in politics and in the forum is here again challenged by the master in science and in literature. Beside Wilberforce lies Charles Darwin and Herschel, while old competitors in literature lie among those whom they called masters and those by whom they were once

regarded as masters: Addison, Gray and Goldsmith; Macaulay and Thackeray; Burns and Southey and Coleridge and a host of others—a small host but magnificently great.

And a grateful sense of brotherhood is engendered when we come across Longfellow's name set up beside England's honored ones and we are almost moved to write a letter to the Home Secretary or send an open letter to the British public, through the Times, so needful is it to express our appreciation, but we do none of these things, we only vibrated more finely and received impressions whose very intensity makes for difficulty of description.

The Abbey to us is a great epic, the greatest of any. It represents the highest point of what Europe means and always did mean to us—the temple of all that is fascinating in this most fascinating world. It left us with a "sense of names in the air, of ghosts at the windows, of signs and tokens," a whole world of the past with all its old loves and hates and joys and sorrows thick in the very air, so thick that it all came out with us into the sunshine of a July day and stayed with us until Paris made of it a palimpsest.

CHAPTER X.

THE INNS OF COURT.

Across the street from the abbey at the Lombardo, Miller took the party for lunch. Miller was still in a restless mood and it was difficult for him to compose himself to the business of eating. With so much to see, how could a man be expected to wait for the butter, and what stupidity made the waiter always forget ice water, and, anyhow, what oriental indolence had given birth to the *table d'hôte*? At every meal we were prepared to see the poor, unfortunate sealeret who humbly took our order, but slowly filled it, taken out to the nearest lamppost and hanged by Miller. What small explosions suddenly took place over the soup? As the meal progressed affairs were in a ferment and toward the end of the meal there was always an ebullition of Miller. What extraordinary imbecility was evidenced by the mixture of the orders of the meats and what trembling wretches the waiters were when Miller rose to speak.

And so it was on this day at the Lombardo. A day of lights and shadows, of things pleasant and otherwise, for we went shopping in the afternoon and Brown purchased a rain-coat at the Judge's expense—said rain-coat having been won on a wager with the ill-starred Judge, who was inconsolable until he found himself in the Army and Navy stores purchasing silk stockings for the *Pikerina*. It was a matter of pride with him that there was some one for whom he might purchase such things and emboldened by the success with which he purchased them, he went secretly back the next day to make a similar purchase.

The Inns of Court were reserved for the next day, for Miller had decreed that a whole day should be given over to their inspection. He had a card to an English solicitor and he conducted the party over to the solicitor's, who turned us over to a young gentleman greatly resembling the immortal Guppy.

With Guppy preceding us, we went leisurely through Grey's Inn, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Inner Temple, Staple Inn; and, in fact, inspected every lane and alley and building belonging to the benchers, as the governors of these corporations are called.

At 2 Brick Court, Middle Temple Lane, where Goldsmith lived and died, we saw the rooms in which Blackstone completed his cele-

brated commentaries. And when we crossed the street and entered the Royal Courts of Justice, "Guppy" pointed out to us young Dickens, the son of Charles Dickens, now a barrister and practicing the profession his father so much despised.

In the Royal Court Building the Lord Chancellor was sitting in great pomp, the exchequer guard or maces standing on each side of him—he, in his official robes, and the barristers in their gowns and wigs, making a picture very dignified and impressive, not at all like the picture Dickens drew of that foggy afternoon which opens *Bleak House*.

The High Court of Admiralty was equally impressive. The admiralty judge sat with two retired admirals, in uniform, one on each side; above the three was a gilded anchor; before them was a model of a steamer, and they were listening to an argument concerning a collision in the Thames between a Dutch ship and a Norwegian bark.

It was all as it should be even to the oral opinion rendered in the Court of Appeals by Sir Richard Harvey-Cozens. And when we were out in the street again and had turned down Chancery Lane toward where Cursitor street is (or was), we almost expected to come across Snagsby "greasy, warm, herbacious and chewing," or to come upon Mr. Vholes' office "in disposition retiring and in situation retired."

But there was only the busy street with its strings of hansoms and its interminable line of buses, one of which we took to the Victoria to partake of Miller's abomination, the table d'hôte.

CHAPTER XI.

LONDON BY NIGHT.

In the afternoon Miller and the West Pointer started off together to see Warwick and Kenilworth leaving Brown and the Judge to dine together at the Criterion and afterward to go to Leicester Square to attend the vaudeville at the Empire—a night to be marked with a white stone.

A night, too—when we had a glimpse, as we had most every night, of the night side of London. “The show, as the man from Up There terms it, is seen at its best—that is, its worst—on a still, warm, starry night in the beginning of July, when the London season is at its height.” You go along the pavement between Piccadilly and Regent street. You hear “the scented rustle of the prowling face”—and are subjected every now and then to the quick, searching glance of the keen eye, as the picture hat and the “gorgeous” gown sails by, alone on the pavement, or successfully in a hansom attended by a man. But they are not all “wandering wisps of painted humanity that dye the London night with rouge” as Mr. Hichens put it, for when the many theaters deposit their patrons on the streets, the bedizened give place to the real pleasure seekers, hurrying, laughingly and good-humoredly along the crowded thoroughfare or jammed in the traffic seated in handsom and cab with just a hint here and there of luxurious cloak and charming, rounded shoulder—just hint enough to stir an old sense of loneliness in a bachelor breast, a fit accompaniment for the deserted air which the abandoned streets soon put on.

Deserted by all, save the straggler and the policeman, exchanging experiences such as Machray describes: “One of them has just had an adventure with a refractory individual, ‘’E didn’t know wot ‘e wanted—didn’t nohow—’cept he wanted a row—’e was jus’ spoilin’ fur a fight—’e didn’t mind ’oo it was with, or wot it wur fur—’e jes’ wanted trouble—’e wus out lookin’ fur it, ’e was, ’e warn’t goin’ to move on, not ’e, wy should ’e? An’ ’e gyve me some more o’ ’is lip. But I moved ’im on!’ ”

After a night spent in the vicinity of Picadilly Circus under the shadow of the cupid upon the fountain nothing affords such charm as the country and the lives of those who live in the great outdoors. The freshness and cleanness and simplicity all aid in erasing unpleasant

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memories and restoring the proper tone to one's mind, and so the next day when we ran into Bright and his wife and they proposed a run in their machine out to the Kingston races, we hailed the prospect with joy.

Out through James and Hyde Parks and Kensington Gardens, past Buckingham Palace, through innumerable streets with little, low walls in front of little, low houses set back from the road; along old Brompton road and Fulham road, the very names evocative of Dickens and every sort of character in certain English fiction and history, then over the Putney bridge to Richmond, and then tea upon the terrace of the Star and Garter. Then on through Richmond park, past the boys playing cricket on Wimbledon Common to Kingston.

Just above Kingston, on the Thames, Bright took us to an English Country Club, an old, rambling, quaint, country house finished in hard wood and furnished in attractive furniture. The interior cool and inviting, the whole effect soothing in an indescribable way. It might be the effect of the old pictures, which we were pleased to consider the best of their kind, it might be the respectful and solicitous servants, whatever it was, to us Bright's "Country Club" seemed the most attractive we had ever been in, and when we had walked down the lawn and seated ourselves at an outside table before a pot of tea and a plate of crackers, with the Thames flowing away at our feet, we had our first temptation toward expatriation.

It was only to see the boat races that we could be persuaded to leave at all, and when we finally did so it was with a firm resolve some time to come back and dream "as of old by the river."

The races gave something of the same delightful impression as the Country Club. We can never be too grateful to Bright for letting us see them both. He ran his machine along the tow path, and before the races we saw how the Englishman enjoys his rivers.

We had seen something of the way the English enjoy outdoor life at Chester when we rowed up the River Dee, but here we saw metropolitan life spending its afternoons in the country attired in bright blazers with jaunty cap, and with hamper nearby, seated in every sort of attractive water craft, drawn up along the banks of the river, waiting for the start of the race. There was the house boat with bright, growing flowers all along its edges, and bright awnings over its decks and over the lively chattering groups seated thereon; there was the punt in great numbers and here and there a fair Jane was spreading a napkin across a seat for tea and bread and jelly with an attractive and enviable person in flannel coat smoking a pipe lazily astern; there

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was the active working boat with two or three occupants impatiently feeling its way along the outer edge of the waiting boats.

There they all were making the prettiest picture of river life we have ever seen, and when the race started and the whole scene became animated and alive with waving flags and caps, and Bright sent his machine along the path, keeping pace with the racing shells, and we were surrounded by running, shouting, cap-waving English sportsmen, we put another day down as marked with a white stone.

We came back through Bushy Park, with its deer and its avenues of horse-chestnuts, through Twickenham into London to find waiting for us our first actual contact with the feminine English. Mrs. Sculthorpe, the recent hostess of Brown and Miller, with Miss Boulter, a real English girl, were in London and Miller had arranged a dinner in their honor at the hotel.

Miller and his son were just back from Warwick and Kenilworth and we were all tired but happy so the evening was spent in lounging about the hotel, listening to the opera for a while by means of the phonograph arrangement in the writing room of the Cecil and talking of the sights we had seen and planning fresh sights on the morrow when we were all to go to Hampton Court.

Young Miller and the Judge were considerably puffed up because they had come upon Mr. William Jennings Bryan in a talkative mood and he had discussed with Miller, Jr., the virtues of West Point and its superiority over any similar school in the eastern hemisphere.

Bryan was the lion of the hour. He was just back from an extensive trip in the East and had made a very clever speech at a Fourth of July dinner but recently given at the hotel, and on the whole was the most considerable American in London. He divided honors with an Oriental potentate of unpronounceable cognomen, who infested the hotel with a whole retinue of turbaned servants and himself appeared daily in most gorgeous zouave-like trousers and silk turbans of the most intricate folds.

These guests of the hotel lent such color to the court yard that Brown used to declare himself daily as desirous of sitting about the entrance and becoming one of a group of indolent ones who asserted that more of London and cosmopolitanism could be seen at the entrance to the Cecil than anywhere else. There were arguments in favor of the plan, too, for the scene was lively enough, and every moment almost, a cab would drive up and deposit the most interesting-looking

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people with the most interesting-looking, label-pasted luggage, and one could fall into the most pleasing speculations as to who the people were and what sort of an influence they might have upon one's life, presuming one knew them, and musing thus build fanciful and pleasing little romances, all unconscious of the irony in the unacknowledged actual sometimes evidenced in a wrangle with Cabby over the fare.

CHAPTER XII.

HAMPTON COURT.

But we preferred this sort of romancing in action or upon scenes not calculated to put a negation upon our dreams and so we exchanged the possibilities of the hotel for other places offering equal allurments, and this we did the next day particularly, although it threatened rain and although a ride on the top of a tally-ho to Hampton Court was none too reassuring. Notwithstanding, however, after we had attended church in both St. Paul's and the Abbey, we climbed upon a tally-ho at Trafalgar Square and were off to Hampton Court, the monument to Wolsley of monumental folly.

The Greuzes and Tintoretos and Van Dykes and the numerous other pictures to be seen at Hampton Court do not suffer description. We recall Mantegna's "Triumphal Procession of Cæsar" as the gem of the collection, a fact gleaned from Baedaker; and we discovered an interest in the Italian and Venetian school, the forerunner of a wider and deeper interest in painting—an interest to be fostered and strengthened by a visit to the National Gallery the next day and one to be forever fixed by the Louvre and its Venus di Milo.

Of course we saw the grape vine at Hampton Court and wandered about the shady avenues—at least Miss Boulton did in company with the Judge, although she basely deserted him on the approach of an officer and while he was surreptitiously taking a picture of the Queen's Walk, thus causing what threatened to be almost an international complication.

But the party managed to get away entire from Hampton Court and returned to London (after lunching at the Mitre Hotel), via an electric bus and the tube.

On our return Miss Boulton and Mrs. Sculthrope decamped to Leicester, and so crestfallen was the party that it was decided to abandon England the next day.

Brown was for going to Ostend and Monte Carlo. He was discovering a proclivity for the froth of life hitherto unsuspected. Miller was determined to go up the Rhine; he felt the call of the blood and prated much of his German ancestry. The Judge was set upon a tour through the galleries of Dresden, Florence and Rome. Anarchy

reigned supreme. It took considerable forbearance and a vast amount of diplomacy to prevent the little party from disintegrating and going several ways, but it was finally determined to go up the Rhine and then into Switzerland, and so on Tuesday, the 17th of July, the whole party assembled at Charing Cross Station and took the 9 o'clock train for Dover.

CHAPTER XIII.

OFF TO THE CONTINENT.

Soon we were upon the Calais packet and the chalk cliffs of old England were receding from view. The activity incident to the change put everyone in good spirits, the channel was in good mood and the passage was not attended with the usual unpleasant features. The Judge went about explaining his familiarity with the French tongue and the ease with which the difficulties of intercourse on the continent would be overcome. The West Pointer went off behind a pile of trunks to glean a few German phrases from a pocket collection of them bought in a Strand shop, while the elder Miller expressed an abiding belief that the language, as a sort of tribute to heritage, would spring full flowered to his lips and he would put us all to the blush as uncultured and untaught.

Without actual contact with a foreign tongue and alien ears it is surprising what confidence the possession of the single word "com-bien" or the singular words "sprechen Sie Deutsch" will give one.

Disembarkation at Calais will dispel all such illusions. When a hundred jabbering, incomprehensible and uncomprehending French porters rush at one, the only expressions surging through a distracted mind are English, and when one's intention is to *parlez Francais*, and those to whom you have boasted of efficiency crowd about expectant and the porter happens to be without even a modicum of consideration or tact, the situation is painful, indeed. Of course, Brown stepped in and managed to make himself understood without difficulty, but the situation was embarrassing to the Judge.

The all-day ride to Cologne was full of incident, though the day was oppressively warm and the compartment in which the party found themselves, stuffy. But every now and then a stranger would find his or her way into the compartment and remain an object of almost passionate interest until his or her station would be reached and he or she would depart. Once while we were riding through Belgium a simon-pure "foreigner" entered the apartment and, producing a cigar, began to smoke. Now, plainly written upon the division of the window was a notice not to smoke, in both French and German, and Miller, whose temper had suffered in sympathy with his *avoir-du-pois* from the extreme heat, began in too audible English and in

remarks "frequent and painful and free" to comment to the West Pointer on the smoking and on the necessity of calling a guard at the next station in order to reprimand the intruder.

Presently the offender, addressing a coat rack above him in the most choice English, explained to the coat rack that the rule against smoking did not obtain in Belgium.

Once the present scribe forgot a set speech in a college debate and for a full minute studied the agonized and anxious countenances of a sympathetic audience; and once he stepped into a hole in the dark, but never has he experienced a moment so tense and painful as the one just succeeding this stranger's address to the coat rack.

Old diplomatic Brown broke the spell and soon we were all talking to the stranger. The Judge, taking time to arrange his thoughts, tried a little French, not altogether to his chagrin, and the stranger was discovered to be a French envoy on a mission to Holland.

Not so happy was the experience at Metz. Here the train was boarded by custom inspectors and by a conductor demanding the tickets for the trip from Calais. Now, just before, the Judge had arranged to have the guide sally forth at Metz and buy the tickets for the balance of the journey and the guide had not yet returned with the "billets." Besides, the tickets during the trip from Calais had not been gathered up in the regular American way and they now reposed forgotten in the pocket of the Judge. The demand for tickets by the conductor, though made in French, was obviously vehement. The answer of the Judge, though made in equally good French, was not satisfying. The conductor was insistent and his needs apparently exigent. Finally both the conductor and the Judge exploded—the conductor apparently indulging in some form of French Billingsgate and the Judge proclaiming in English a desire to terminate the discussion. Meanwhile Miller, all excitement, was legally defining the offense of riding on a continental train without a ticket and imploring the Judge to assume a more pacific attitude. The moment was charged with dire potentiality, but with a parting remark apparently designed by the conductor as a scathing one, he drew himself off, and the party proceeded on their way with the tickets innocently and unsuspectingly reposing in the Judge's pocket.

On the whole the trip was unpicturesque enough and little of interest could be seen from the car window save the row after row of tall, Normandy poplars silhouetted against a clear, foreign sky. But we were glad enough when the poplars were succeeded by buildings and when the spire of the cathedral of Cologne announced our destination, and we were all comfortably established in the Hotel du Nord.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RHINE.

After the warm and very dusty ride of the day before, perhaps the breakfast out in the court yard of the du Nord was more appreciated than it would be without such a precursor; however that may be, the bright, cool morning, the splashing fountain set up in a flower bed bright with colors and fresh with a clean green freshness, made of this breakfast the best continental breakfast we have ever had.

We were all attuned for the visit to the cathedral and the trip subsequently up the Rhine.

The famous cathedral was the first one we had seen on the trip. We did not wait to see the custodian and have him exhibit to us the silver case with its bones of the three Wise Men of the East, for a funeral was in progress and services were being conducted, but we spent some time outside in admiration of this, the most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture, the while Miller expatiated on architecture of every sort. The gargoyles especially engaged our attention and we would gladly have remained longer in Cologne to allow the beauty of this wonderful church to grow upon us, but the day was perfect and the trip up the Rhine was not to be lightly set aside, and we soon found ourselves on board the Rhine steamer making our way against the strong current past the bridge of boats, with the city of Cologne sinking from view and the cathedral rising more and more massive and grand as the boat took us farther away.

And now vineyards began to replace cities and soon all the beauty of the Rhine was upon us.

“The wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose fair white walls along them shine.”

Until the steamer passes Bonn, noted for its university, the most beautiful portion of the Rhine, that between Bonn and Coblenz, has not been reached. The banks “which bear the vine” are too far away, for the steamer keeps in mid-channel and Byron’s “peasant

girls, with deep blue eyes," who "walk smiling o'er this paradise," can be best seen through the medium of a Tauchnitz edition, aided by a well-trained imagination. Miller kept sweeping the banks with field glasses when he was not engaged in an effort to focus his camera, and Miller did not report any blue-eyed peasant girls—a circumstance arguing strongly for their absence.

While Miller dashed fore and aft and across the 'midships trying to place his camera to catch a crumbling old feudal castle, or an effect of light and shadow upon a beautiful hillside, Brown struck up an acquaintance with Scott of Chicago. Scott was to be Aladdin's lamp, making possible the best golf story Brown and the Judge were to have—their old story of "What's the little ball for?" had long since been threadbare, worn to a shadow and gone limping into boredom with Nutty's famous quotation from the "Pink 'un"—"Hardy men these golfers!"

But just now Scott gave no promise of future service. He and Brown were deep in a discussion of the gas and water problems of big municipalities, and Scott, who had been touring the Orient for more than a year, listened while Brown settled the political history of the United States ten years in advance. It was the first willing ear Brown had encountered since he left the long-suffering Eekersley behind in Philadelphia, and Scott was only saved from a mental plethora of politics by the arrival of the dinner hour.

The dinner, served on deck beneath a flapping awning, with the vine-clad hills of the Rhine sweeping along, and here and there an old ruin, picturesque in light and shadow, needed little to mark it from all other dinners, but that little was supplied in the form of a bottle of Neirsteiner, our first in Germany, but not our last.

Meanwhile we were approaching the "Castled Crag of Drachenfels," with its charming legend of Siegfried and the Dragon and its stirring tales of the Robber Barons. How readily old German tales of deeds of daring and supernatural happenings were recalled in this enchanted neighborhood. Here upon the island, just grazed by the steamer in passing, is the old nunnery where the bride of Charlemagne's nephew took the veil, being falsely led to believe in his death, while just above it on the bank is Rolandseck, where dwelt the mournful husband and where he spent his days in melancholy contemplation of his young bride's living tomb. All about are the celebrated "Seven Mountains," the whole making the best picture of the day—and being in shadow, nearly breaking Miller's heart, for by

this time a view was nothing unless it could be subjected to the camera's lens, and scenery had become merely an object for a correct focus.

In early school days when regular exercises were suspended and the day given over to the exploitation of the histrionic and forensic ability of the scholars—when some illy-favored, thin and ungainly female child, with her bad points enhanced by the confusion incident to facing her classmates from the teacher's platform, would break forth in a nasal whine and feebly, reluctantly and doubtfully discharge herself of the assertion that "curfew shall not ring tonight," we can remember a scoffing and sneaking doubt steal over our sceptic consciousness; but when a red-headed, freckle-nosed little Irishman would gravely deliver himself of the palpably absurd statement, "For I was born at Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine," we were carried away in sympathy with the thought, and our fancy gave us an equally austere origin, and so it is that always Bingen has been to us the brightest birth spot on God's footstool anywhere.

And here we were at Bingen, actually moored fast to its wharf. It was too much to believe.

It was possible we might find the sword where "with boyish love" he hung it where the sunlight used to shine on the vine-clad walls at Bingen." But it was just possible, too, that Bingen might not be the Bingen of our dreams, and so we resolutely turned our backs and contemplated the other shore until the steamer had cast off and proceeded on up the river toward Mayence.

It was nine in the evening when we stepped off the steamer at Mayence into the noisiest, most insistent and best-humored crowd of cabbies we have met.

We were mentally indulging in Byron's farewell:

"Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene alike where souls united
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray."

But the babble of the cabbies was too much and we resigned ourselves to the less poetic but more necessary task of bundling ourselves and luggage into a lumbering cab, bound for the railway station, for we were going to take a sleeper to Luzerne.

This ride was the most enchanting foreign ride we have had. We remember once in America riding on a frosty night under a full moon with Mr. and Mrs. Gumbes. It was a three-mile drive in a station wagon, and we have given that ride first place for unalloyed charm—the charm of the moonlight and the cool, crisp air, the noise of the

quick hoofs on the frozen ground, the contrast to a city scene lately left, and finally the charm of companionship, but the ride in Mayence had all the charm of novelty, the very pavements were new, the incessant crack of the driver's long whip was altogether new, the driver and his carriage—mysterious and strange in their novelty—and then the city but imperfectly lighted so that spires and steeples and buildings massed and changed before the eye like a city of dreams, the turn of each corner presented the possibilities of odd and mysterious adventures and the lack of knowledge of direction made the drive the one supreme adventure of the trip—this huge, incomprehensible German might take us anywhere—and this possibility made us tingle with expectation, and finally came the hope that the drive would end in something more romantic than an old, prosaic railway station.

And end in something romantic it almost did. Its end almost approached the fantastic, and if fictitious can in any sense be said to be a synonym for romantic, then our end was romantic, for it ended in something fictitious.

It all came about through Miller's lamentable ignorance of the tongue of his forefathers—his impatient insistence upon the use of the English language and his absurd annoyance because a German ticket-seller indulged in the innocent custom of giving false change.

Had we not been given to understand that the interminable and intricate polysyllables of the German language were commonplaces with which Miller had spent his youth in intimate companionship; had we not assumed that Miller would show the same good humor toward the ticket-seller's peccadillos as a good American was wont to show toward the humorous badinage of a highwayman of Dead Man's Gulch; had we not imbibed confidence from the West Pointer's surreptitious communications with his German phrase-book; in short, if we had not been basely deceived by the Millers we could have escaped the grand torture of Mayence and the fictitious (or had we agreed it was "romantic" ending to our ride.

But we were not undeceived until Miller, all excitement, vehemence and vituperation had engaged every railway station attendant in a contest for the vituperative palm, the while the last train for Luzerne pulled away from the station leaving us tired and angry to whatever solace could be procured by Miller's alien tongue.

The solace forthcoming was of a kind to make us forever sympathize with the person who stated a preference for living in a state of alarm. We exchanged the excitement of the railway station for the tomb-like silence of the Hotel National, for thither had we been

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ured by Miller. He said it was cheap. It was cheap so much so as to suggest the word fictitious. To designate the house as a hotel was to be at least facetious. The price we paid was two francs, in London we would have been asked half a shilling and in America one dime would have commanded equal comforts. Brown and the Judge broke out in lamentation, the younger Miller curled a scornful lip, but all were afraid to venture out in search of better quarters without Miller—and Miller, like a human canary, said nothing, but kept repeating, Cheap! Cheap!

Is it weakness of intellect, Miller, we cried,
Or has something gone wrong in your bulky inside?
With a twist of his German packed head, he replied,
Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!

Let no record be made of the night. This is not a blistering, scathing, scorching, denunciatory pen. We have forgiven Miller and we hope that time will erase in part the memory of the Hotel National.

CHAPTER XV.

SWITZERLAND.

The next morning at five o'clock Brown and the Judge were about and at six were en route for Luzerne. A happy chance put Mrs. Marshall and Miss Reebea Marshall and Miss Schattel, all of Newark, in the same compartment. It was a happy chance because Miss Schattel spoke German fluently and managed the luncheon at Zurich with enviable ease.

Instead of going with Brown and the Judge to Luzerne, Miller and his son delayed the trip to Switzerland in order to go to Heidelberg, and in so doing missed the Grand Duke Michael and forever lost the opportunity of being characters in the great golf story.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Brown and the Judge, taking the first hotel to hand, deposited themselves and luggage at the St. Gotthard Terminus Hotel; later they found their way to the Schweizerhof in time for the effect of the sunset upon the Rigi and Pilatus, but not before a visit to the Glacier Gardens and the Lion of Luzerne, the tribute to the Swiss guards, and, excluding Napoleon's tomb, the most impressive object of the trip.

"And History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but *one* page—'tis better written here,
Away with words! draw near."

To speak of the Alps without extravagance were a difficult task. The word most often recurring to the mind is that word but seldom applied to things terrestrial, the word "eternal."

One wanders at night along the lake, beneath the clear, starry sky, with the mountains rising like the walls of some magnificent temple on either side and keeps repeating the word "eternal." At times the sublimity of it all is upon one, but always is present the one thought—the never-changing, cold, solitary, eternal air of it all.

As Byron says, "High mountains are a feeling," and to be among the mountains and yet at the side of a lake is to raise that feeling to its highest possible exponent. The still, clear lake mirrors the stars and floating white clouds in its blue surface; the silent trees, reflected in the water along the shore, give a sense of companionship and repose, and the cooling breath of a stray breeze stirs up a sense

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of the infinite almost too poignant to be pleasant, and yet all too fleeting, leaving a sense of having stood on "tip-toe on the highest point of being."

"There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

* * * * *

At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still."

And here they wandered, Brown and the Judge, beneath the chestnuts, along the side of the lake, after a long table d'hôte, including a fat bottle of Neirsteiner, and they smoked of the cigar of Havana and vowed that it was good to be alive; and yet despite the beauty of it all, such is the perversity of the human mind—they would leave sublimity out in the night and betake themselves within doors to study integrals at the Cursaal—an occupation so absorbing that midnight would almost come upon the travelers before they would betake themselves off—sometimes leaving, it is said, some shekels of silver with the charming French gentleman, master of the study at which our friends were only the veriest tyros, who throughout the night kept murmuring "maximum."

And it is whispered by the umbrageous chestnuts that once a man named Miller, having stayed overlate, absorbed in the many changes possible in a combination of twenty-five numbers, and being thus belated and having started in a rather perturbed state to his hotel, was set upon by a vandal, with a felonious intent, though his ostensible pursuit was the sale of postal cards, but Miller valiantly repelled his assaults, meanwhile rending the quiet air with the sharp English dissyllable, "Police!"

And these same gossiping trees tell of the indignity of the arrest of this same Miller and his varlet opponent and of the presence of irreligious and irreverent small boys in considerable numbers and of the mortifications and discomfort of certain principals of the painful affair; but the whole story has long been doubted and many times denied, and we ourselves have Miller's authority for the statement that there is not a spark of truth in the narrative of the trees—at least not more than a spark.

But we would speak of the days of the travelers in the Alps, for now the whole party is reunited and, having at last succumbed to the excellence of Cook's system, have engaged a courier, one Kurt

Grosse, and arranged for a trip over the Bernese Oberland, the St. Gotthard, Furka and Grimsel passes, to begin the following day.

Meanwhile the two Millers start to climb Mt. Pilatus, leaving Brown and the Judge to their own devices. The ambition of these two worthies extended no farther than a trip on the funicular railway, and yet the whole day was consumed in the trip, for at the end of the funicular was Sonnenberg—at Sonnenberg was a golf course—Brown had talked gas with Scott on the Rhine boat—Scott played golf—the Grand Duke Michael (how well that name looks upon the page!) is president of the club; he plays golf, so does Brown and the Judge—there have been better foursomes! To this day Brown says he played better than the Judge, anyway, but the score card of the party is still extant, and then, too, young Harold Maxwell, the most polite little man of the whole continent, was present most of the time and he testifies in a slightly different key.

On the return of the Millers to the hotel, after a day spent in an opaque mist on the top of Pilatus, their envy was of the burning kind and their displeasure was of so evident a character that Brown and the Judge were driven for the evening's amusement back to their contemplation of certain combinations of integers at the Casino, and as a result certain observations are still to be found written in the Judge's note book somewhat to the effect that "cinq" and "quatre" do not invariably recur either in measurable cycles nor with any correlation: though there are "systems" of the philosophy of those numbers, carefully compiled by those who have given a life study to peculiar little ironies noticeable sometimes in the juxtaposition of certain small spheres and numbers theretofore of unsuspected co-ordination, which systems claim that any such failure of recurrency is referable rather to the position of one's lucky star in the firmament than to any malice on the part of the integers.

But these observations are not quite clear to us, and we hope that the obscurity which seems to us to exist is due to a natural saturnine tinge usual in all of the Judge's observations and is not the result of any feeling of chagrin or remorse incident to the pursuit of the pastime therein discussed.

At any rate the "observations" noted the next three days are more readily comprehended. They deal, as we will see, with the trip over the passes, and although it would seem that rain fell on the first day, it did not fall to a degree sufficient to dampen the spirits of the travelers.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ALPS.

At nine the whole party were in the train, leaving Lauzerne with a schedule which called for a carriage at Goeschenen, then over the St. Gotthard to Andermott, and then to the top of the Furka, all to be done principally lolling back in the carriage, which wound its way steadily but slowly along the well-built military road connecting the Grimsel and the Bernese Oberland. The first portion of the trip, that part covering the St. Gotthard, and principally the "sombre rocky defile of the Schoellenen" was done in a light rainstorm. This road is one most subject to avalanches and the road is protected here and there by a gallery.

The wild scenery is just the sort to be seen through the medium of a fine mist with its accompanying gray lights.

Most of the party were within the covered carriage during this portion of the journey, but the Judge, wrapped in his London rain-coat, sat out on the box with the driver, who happily spoke only the Swiss tongue, and hence permitted a silent and complete absorption of the grandeur of the granite masses all about, and the boiling Reuss below, whose noisy progress could only be fancied, for no sound reached the travelers—all was solitude, intensified by the vision of the turbulent river, moving as in a vitroscope without the proper complement of noise.

Up and up we went, the road appearing above us in long, sinuous lines and nothing appearing to take away the sense of vastness and solitude. Sometimes a curve in the road would disclose to view a solitary chalet away down below in the valley, thus bringing the idea of distance and remoteness more acutely to the sense; sometimes the raising mist would disclose a shepherd seated on a low rock in attendance upon an unseen herd, and sometimes we would overtake a lonely traveler, knapsack on back and alpine stock in hand, his face set for the top of the pass, and we would be past while he raised his head to look and shortly he would be swallowed up in the mist and we could doubt having seen him.

As the morning advanced the sun dissipated the mist and a good breeze began to blow from the top of the snow-covered pass, clearing

the atmosphere so that we could the more surely discern the wild sublimity of the scenery at the point where the Devil's Bridge crosses the Reuss.

We halted a while upon the bridge, gazing at the old stone bridge just below us and further down at the brawling Reuss, which at this point drops one hundred feet in the rocks, sending its spray up over the bridge. It was difficult to people this solitary place with Austrians and Russians engaged in bloody conflict with the French, and yet here upon the narrow, rocky pathways, with the mountains rising like granite walls behind them and the wild Reuss boiling amid the rocks hundreds of feet below, on a sunshiny, peaceful day this solitude was alive with warring men and many a body was tumbled headlong on the rocks below, and some say yet " 'Twas a famous victory."

From this point on to the other side of Andermatt the most wonderful fortifications can be seen. Rooms, vast hall-like apartments, have been cut inside the mountain and a small opening in the mountainside, not much larger than to afford accommodation for the mouth of a cannon, may in reality be the window for a sentinel at whose back, hidden somewhere within the rocky walls, is a whole garrison of soldiers.

We had climbed five thousand feet when we halted for lunch at Andermatt, and we remained but a very short time at the charming Bellevue before we were off again toward the steep slopes of Hospenthal, passing the many mountain brooks which find their way into the valley from each opposite slope, and getting a fine view of the lofty Spitzberge, over ten thousand feet above sea level.

By the time the Furka Blick was reached the whole party was glad of the opportunity for a halt and a lunch of crackers and the rich mountain milk which is here provided. The afternoon was far advanced and the height carried with it a corresponding degree of coldness. It was too cold to remain longer in the carriage, and from this point on to the Hotel Pension Furka we walked, pelting one another with snowballs at times and at others making slides along a stretch of ice by the roadside.

It was 7:30 when we reached the Pension Furka and sat down to a frugal mountain dinner; our feet were wet from the snow and we were tired and weary and were soon off to bed.

The next morning was bright and clear and at eight o'clock we began the zigzag descent from Furka to the Rhone Glacier. All about us were the Bernese Alps and imposing Finsteraarhorn, and after a

half-mile descent with this magnificent panorama about us the Matterhorn came into view.

The magic name Matterhorn stirred something in the breast of Miller, Jr., which made for a desire to be in action, but in action only if danger beset him on all sides. For days he had been scoffing at our method of going through the Alps. He was for climbing the Matterhorn and wanted to wear hob-nailed shoes and carry an axe in his hand. The night before he had arranged with a guide to make a difficult crossing of the glacier and was only prevented by the non-appearance of the guide, who had been secretly paid by Miller, Sr., not to appear. But young Miller was in despair and the sight of the Matterhorn was a hollow mockery to him.

Of course a stop was made at the glacier and the party went into the cave cut into the solid ice of the glacier, and, of course, we delayed to examine the crystals and to purchase the inevitable postal cards.

Soon we were down in the warm and beautiful valley, our road winding along the "infant" Rhone flowing away from the glacier, and as blue here, or almost as blue, as at the point where it joins its muddy neighbor, the Aare, below Geneva, running along without intermingling, the blue along one bank, the yellow along the other.

After a stop at Gletsch we began the ascent of the Grimsel, winding in zigzag course upward into a blinding snowstorm, which happily lasted only for a short time, and when we reached the Todtensee (Lake of the Dead), upon the top of the Grimsel, the sun shone as it did earlier in the morning. We were now over seven thousand feet high and we began a descent among the wildest, most barren portion of the Alps. On the other side of the pass rhododendrons and alpine trees had taken something away from the severity of the Alps, but here all was rugged and wild in stern and awful majesty. We were not surprised to find a hospice a little below the top of the Grimsel, nor to hear stories of the sufferings and death of lone travelers in this barren country during winter months.

The hospice is a large, strongly-built, square building, not designed to add picturesqueness to the wild scenery, but to resist the surroundings when they are in a wild mood, for here avalanches are frequent, and just outside the building a number of trees, standing the spring before in the path of an avalanche, had been cut off clean a foot above the ground, presenting mute but strong evidence of the force which lay inert above us in the form of glistening snow.

At the hospice black bread was furnished our horses, but for our lunch we pushed on down past the avalanche debris and the moun-

tain torrents to the Handegg Hotel, where a long stop was made for a trip to Handegg Fall, a cascade of the Aare, 250 feet in depth, in whose spray the sun fashions beautiful rainbows and helps add to the beauty of "the finest cataract in Switzerland."

The Judge did not visit the falls, but curled himself up for a nap in the victoria. Soon he was missing and the fearful courier began to alarm the others with stories of persons lost by a chance misstep in a ravine. Some time was spent in searching for him, and when he was found he was persona non grata for the rest of the afternoon—at least until the party forgot its displeasure in the beauty of the gorge of the Aare. At Kichet the Aare cuts its way for 1,500 yards through solid rock, each wall within arm's reach and over two hundred feet high on either side. The fifteen-hundred-yard passage is made by way of an iron gallery fastened to the rocky way and suspended above the rushing Aare. Along this gallery the party passed and on the other side of the gorge found the carriage in waiting and the remainder of the journey to Meiringen was soon completed.

At Meiringen the two Millers again deserted the party, not to meet again until the night before Brown and the Judge left Paris, and so these latter worthies pursued the journey to Brienz, where they took the steamer down Lake Brienz to Interlaken.

CHAPTER XVII.

GENEVA.

Interlaken was only a stage on the journey to Bern, and only enough time was spent to partake of refreshments at the Hotel Jung Frau, to feast upon the view of the Jung Frau, with the setting sun reflected on its peak and then to stroll about its principal streets, buying a brier pipe here and a postal card or two at some other place.

Leaving Interlaken at nine p. m., we arrived at Bern at eleven. The trip was a continued delight. The train ran along the shores of Lake Thun almost the entire way and the night was beautifully clear. The mountains rising from the opposite shore of the lake in the dim background and the tremulous surface of the lake in the foreground, half luminous and half dark, with suggestive depth and mystery, made a picture whose charm and serenity was not disturbed by any noise from the car, and not even by the suggestion that it was all transient and that we were even now on the way which led from the Alps.

At eight o'clock the next morning we were roaming about the old streets of Bern. This old mediæval city with its quaint old fountains and its old gate and clock, its old bruins appearing almost at the end of every street and its alpine view, deserved better of the travelers than a two-hour tramp, but Brown was bent upon reaching Geneva, and he was already beginning in a certain sharpness, heretofore not evident in his tone, to show the wearing effect of two whole days spent in the company of the Judge, and so only a glimpse of the cathedral, with its remarkable stained windows and its great organ, was had and only a few moments were spent on the promenades on the Kleine Schanze with the superb view, and then off to the railway station to take the train for Geneva.

The ride to Geneva was hot and dusty until the lake came in sight, and then, with window open and a breeze blowing from the waters lapping at the bank below, there was nothing to complain of in the ride except, perhaps, its length. We rode hours along the forty-five-mile lake with the gulls and other birds flying about, past the Chateau of Necker and Madame de Staël, past the Chateau Prangins, once the residence of Joseph Bonaparte, past the Castle of Chillon, past vineyards and orchards, villages and chateaux, but always with Mont Blanc in sight. Finally we were in Geneva lunching on

a balcony overlooking the lake and dawdling over coffee and cigars. The spot was one to dream in for days, but a storm was in the air and a queer restlessness had seized upon Brown. Action seemed its antidote, so we journeyed out to the meeting of the Rhone and the Aare and then back to town to take a carriage and drive about, visiting the Hotel de Ville (where met the ambassadors in the Alabama claims), the arsenal, cathedral and the Brunswick monument.

We had just reached the Hotel Bristol when a terrific thunder-storm broke over the lake, and we had an opportunity of seeing it tempest changed, as Byron describes it, into a phosphoric sea with the big rain drops dancing over its surface while from the neighboring Alps the thunder rolled and reverberated until it seemed as if all the forces of nature were out intent upon a demonstration.

The rain fell so heavily that the floor of the Bristol was almost inundated and Brown and the Judge were almost driven from their table. It had been well had this happened, for the tragedy of the trip was preparing to the accompaniment of the storm outside. The day had been very warm and Brown had been showing signs of testiness for some time. The signs of impending trouble had been many, and then, too, the air was overcharged with electricity. When things are thus in readiness it needs but a trifle to bring about the explosion. The solution of the continuity of good fellowship comes sometimes with the simple loan of a dime. When the feelings are at the boiling point but a trifling thing will start an ebullition.

Now, Brown was acting as banker for the day. By virtue of his office it was his prerogative to order the meals, and he alone determined the kind, quality and extent of the meals. It was a matter long ago agreed upon and the rule had not always strictly obtained: for instance, if Brown ordered grape fruit on a day when the Judge was banker, and when he had decreed prunes as the breakfast fruit, no point was made of the rule and Brown was permitted to infringe upon an established right. This is as it should be and we are not to be supposed as raising any objection to the reasonableness of the arrangement. But our suggestion is that such laxity of performance was calculated to lure the other party to the agreement, viz., the Judge, into an infraction of the rule, all unprepared for any penalty which might ensue. We state this with hesitancy and are willing to recede from this position if it be shown to be untenable—but only on such showing.

But to state the case:—Brown was banker, as we have said, and had ordered the evening meal. It was a weak, impoverished,

mockery of a meal, but we let that pass. But Brown had not ordered butter with the meal. Of course, it was his right not to do so, but our point is, that having failed to do so, was he right in exploding into passionate objection when the Judge undertook to get ten centimes' worth of butter? Was he right, we repeat, in indulging in vehement, vindictive vituperation? Was he right to so conduct himself that the dry bread became so much dryer in the throat of the Judge that he was unable to swallow? And was he justified in going about for the balance of the evening with a sinister scowl upon his brow and with a menacing silence so deep upon him that no word addressed to him was hazarded by the Judge until it became a question as to who will have to take the "upper" to Paris. We hope we will not be thought malignant when we express a modicum of satisfaction in the fact that Brown, grumbling and disgruntled, lost the toss of the coin and spent the night in the stuffiest, mustiest, tiniest and most appalling upper berth the horrid ingenuity of mankind has ever devised.

We understand that the Judge harbors no resentment over the butter incident and that his heart is as open to Brown's friendship as theretofore, but the memory of the miserable fracas will not vanish and often, oh! how often will he think unhappily of that table d'hôte in Geneva.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PARIS.

At 7:30 in the morning we arrived at the Gare de Lyon and soon we were seated in a voiture riding through the streets of Paris. Yes, we were in Paris and passing along the Quai Henry IV, past the Pont d'Ansterlitz, along the Quai de l'Hotel de Ville, past Notre Dame, along the Rue de Rivoli, past the Louvre and turning just at the Jardin des Tuileries up the Rue de Castiglione, we found ourselves stopping at the Hotel Castiglione.

Paris! We kept repeating the word and then we rolled the names of the streets over on our tongue. The very names made an atmosphere, as it were, through which we breathed the realization of Paris. This was the city about which we knew so much and yet had never seen. This was the city of Dumas—"that God-illuminated nigger," as Lowrey is fond of saying; this was the city of the barricades of Enjolras and the bravery of little Gavroche. Here we could smoke our cheroots at the very table where sat Victor Hugo.

Carlyle had peopled these streets again and again for us—had we not passed the immediate neighborhood of St. Antoine on our way from the station and did we not know it as the well-spring of that fearful commune.

Along the bridges we had already noted that magic letter "N" wreathed, but not otherwise embellished, and speaking so eloquently and in such volume that our ideas crowded too thick for any consecutive thought, and it was all one overwhelming sense of the thing—of the things, of the wonderful people—Richelieu and Voltaire, Du Barry and after her Mirabeau, Napoleon most of all, the one truly great man since Caesar. All too overpowering, one had to calm oneself and assume an attitude of detachment.

The mere sight of the name Rue Neuve des Petits Champs sets one off reciting Thackeray's "Boullabaisse." The mere sound of the people talking sets the Judge to telling Brown:

"I swear

I have wandered about in the world everywhere;
From many strange mouths heard many strange tongues;
Strained with many strange idioms my lips and my lungs;
Walk'd in many a far land, regretting my own;
In many a language groaned many a groan;

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But the language of languages dearest to me
Is that in which once, O ma toute chérie,
When, together, we bent o'er your nosegay for hours,
You explained what was silently said by the flowers,
And, selecting the sweetest of all, sent a flame
Through my heart, as, in laughing, you murmured *Je t'aime*."

It was well we reached the hotel—a few more familiar names of streets or of buildings and we would have been overcome—to have seen the *Arc de Triomphe* or the *Colonne Vendôme* would have been too much.

But we were able to postpone Paris and to subdue our excitement in order to take a bath—only arrived at after a struggle with a maid intent upon an observance of the distinction between the French words "*bain*" and "*pain*," for the Judge's first essay in his beloved tongue resulted in a loaf of bread instead of a cooling tub of water.

After the bath came breakfast in our rooms—a breakfast of chocolate, rolls and marmalade. We breakfasted while we dressed, and while doing both, still found time to gaze out of the windows into the streets of the great city.

Breakfast over, we were out in the street bound for the Church de la Madeleine as the point from which to take an omnibus to the Place de la Bastille, for this it was agreed was to be the first objective point.

Passing into the church, through, with the exception of St. Peter's, the largest bronze doors in the world, we listened to a French church service and looked about, mostly in search of a sign of wood, for we were told that no wood had been employed in the structure of the edifice, but we were not yet in the mood for any silent contemplation of church interiors—not even beautifully sculptured Madeline—and soon mounted upon an omnibus all plastered with advertisements and bearing the new words "*Amer Picon*," we began a ride along the boulevards to the Column of July.

Down the Boulevard des Capucines we went, along the Boulevard des Italiens, the Boulevard Montmartre and the Boulevard Saint Denis, our first ride along the most frequented boulevards of Paris, but we were to ride and walk these same boulevards many times again and we hope often yet again.

From the Place de la Bastille we went to the Musée de Cluny to marvel much at the curiosities, some dating from the Crusades. At the back of the museum we wandered about the ruins of the old Roman baths and then out in the street along the Rue St. Jacques to the Sorbonne and the tomb of Richelieu, from thence to the Pantheon

to speculate, over the desecrated tombs of Rousseau and Voltaire, upon the mutability of the affection the French have had for their great men. Here, the first to be so honored, was placed the remains of Mirabeau, and here, too, within the space of two years was placed his contemporary, who fell a victim to the revolutionary fervor of Charlotte Corday— their sculptured figures remain, but their ashes were removed by solemn act of a very solemn convention of the French people. What a magnificent building it is, but what a travesty upon the stability of the French people by whom it was built and by whom it was inscribed “Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante.” Most of its great men lie elsewhere, removed from the possibility of future desecration and safe from the petty motives which pursue a name into the grave.

Just a little distance from this stately home of twice departed great men is the temporary resting place of those unfortunates without homes cast up mostly by the Seine at the rate of three a day. It was on our way to Notre Dame, and we looked in on DuMaurier's morgue so that we would carry away with us an idea of the sinister side of the picture of pleasure-loving Paris, which we were shortly to see.

But we had seen enough, for the morning at least, of the individual dead and we were glad to top it all with a general epitome, as it were, of all the dead past represented by the monuments and sculptures within the pillared aisles of Notre Dame and represented by the structure itself with its magnificent facade. Mrs. Elliot had said: “Look at the cathedrals for me,” and this instruction was carried out, at least when standing in front of the most magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture.

But it was lunch time and familiarity with the bouillons of Paris not yet having settled upon us, we went back along the Quai du Notre Dame and the arcaded Rue de Rivoli to the hotel and lunched magnificently, for was it not the first lunch in Paris, and do not all celebrations begin with or end in a feast?

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BOULEVARDS.

The feast was so thorough that the afternoon found us more inclined to dawdle along the streets and gaze into the shop windows than to make the necessary effort to visit any of the numerous places, and so a short stroll about found us back at the Place d'la Opera and bound for the hotel.

Here began the adventure of Paris. We know no better spot from which to make a sortie upon Paris; across the street is the Cafe de la Paix; farther down and still across is the Hotel Continental, from which issues all day long a stream of the most interesting looking travelers, going, one can imagine, to every beckoning point of the alluring world, one's acquaintance with which being of the geographies only, and hence dressed in all the charm of the imaginary country traveled by Sinbad.

Yes, it is the very spot and here, just as the two travelers were turning toward the hotel, appeared Mrs. Erbacher. Now, Mrs. Erbacher was not an old friend of either Brown's or the Judge's. In fact, it was only a little while at Chester that the three had had an opportunity to become acquainted, and so after a few casual commonplace remarks the two would have probably carried out their intention of returning to the hotel, had not Mrs. Erbacher happened to know that Charlie Wake was just across the street in a room in the Hotel Continental, packing his trunk preparatory to his departure from Paris that very afternoon. Here was an opportunity, thought Brown, to return the hospitality of Chester, and so Mrs. Erbacher was commissioned to appear with her son within the hour at the Hotel Continental, the presence of Wake being guaranteed by the other two.

When they discovered Wake he was sitting in his shirt sleeves upon the edge of a bed, his legs sprawled on either side of an open trunk. In his hand was a hotel bill and upon his lips were the strangest colloquial French expressions ever heard, for he was delivering himself of a few ideas anent the various items on the bill.

In Chester, Wake had been but an ordinary American, conveniently possessed of an automobile; but here in Paris nonchalantly engaged in juggling with French idioms, which clearly passed current with an absolutely complete French valet de chambre, he ceased to

be ordinary and wore the indicia and bore all the signs of that which he really was, one of the world's thoroughbreds. The man who the winter before had hunted gray wolves in Canada, the man who had blazed on foot a new and valuable trail in the Hudson Bay country, the man who was at home either in the wilds of Canada or the jungles of the Montmartre, stood revealed in the dexterity and ease with which he handled the idiomatic French.

There was no doubting the genuineness of Wake's welcome for Brown and there was little hesitancy over Wake's declaration that he would postpone his intended departure until the following day, and that he and Brown and the Judge and the Erbachers would all have one grand adventure in Paris.

Brown and the Judge went down to the Cafe de la Paix to wait until the packing was finished and there along the Boulevard des Italiens they sat for quite an hour drinking in their first impressions of the boulevards and the *habitués* of the boulevards.

They are not all *habitués*, of course, half this multitude you infer are but sightseers. The Oriental in turban, with swarthy skin and keen, roaming eye, is there to view and is not on view like the *cocotte*, who sidles by with skirt held up and eye aslant with invitation: the tall Englishman with flowing, broad moustache, is not to be confounded with the lounging boulevardier, nor with the small-sized French officer with his equally small-size but obviously well cared-for moustache.

What an endless procession it is, sweeping by slowly like a broad river choked with logs. Every now and then someone drifts out of the main current and is stationary in your line of vision for a time—before he or she is again drawn into the moving stream—a shabby vendor of obscene pictures or of innocuous postal cards will be cast up at your feet exhibiting his wares, soon to drift down through the lines of tables, back again into the stream and not to bob up again until he reaches the next cafe. Next a *gamin* of Paris is loosened from the crowd with a bundle of papers under his arm. “*La Gil Blas*,” “*La Patrie*.” Thrusting a journal under your eye, he will cry out the need of learning about Dreyfus, who was reinstated that afternoon, or of knowing all about the “*Revolution in Russia*,” for that day the *Douma* has been prorogued, and Paris, or the Parisian press, has Russia in a revolution.

Beyond the pavement you have a glimpse now and then of the street, crowded like the pavement with its traffic, carriage after car-

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riage rolls along on its way, you conclude, to the Champs Elysee, and out of the main stream, stranded for a while you will see a cocher and his veiture, with the now indispeusible taximeter attachment, waiting for a fare. At the corner omnibus succeeds omnibus and each in its turn trundles off crowded with people, seemingly intent upon emptying the boulevard, but the stream of people never lessens.

CHAPTER XX.

AMER PICON.

Brown and the Judge were almost hypnotized by the never-ending and continuous throng and had almost been content to sit on watch the ever-changing crowd indefinitely, but Wake came up full of plans for an evening's entertainment and soon they were in a discussion as to whether the whole party should go to the theater or whether they should spend the evening on the Montmartre among the cabarets. The latter plan was adopted and imbued with the energy born of decision, Wake clapped his hands for a waiter and ordered Amer Picon: "Garçon, donnez-moi un Amer Picon, Citron!"

A consideration of the Event will demonstrate that the important one comes unheralded. It may have been a long time in the chrysalis; it may have been preparing in a set of small circumstances for a considerable period, and out of little happenings there may have been fashioning a sizable occurrence; but nothing of consequence develops to prepare the mind for the Event, so that it comes suddenly, as it were, and with full force upon the consciousness—making its impression, good or bad, and leaving its imprint beneficial or deleterious, but always coming with a force to be reckoned with and with a certainty not permitting doubt as to its presence or future speculation of its having been.

Sitting there over a three-legged marble top table on the Boulevard des Italiens, idly gazing at the passing throng, what was there to herald the approach of so momentous a discovery as Amer Picon?

No prescient breeze, borne upon the Parisian air, stirred the thoughts of the travelers; not a sound, strange and unfamiliar as the sounds all were, spoke with a note of discovery to our receptive friends, and even the words Amer Picon themselves only awakened a polite curiosity as to Wake's strange proclivity for mild drinks—a polite curiosity of sufficient strength to induce the ready acquiescence of the two to Wake's mild suggestion that they try an "Amer Picon" themselves.

Meanwhile he explained to them that "Amer" was French for bitter and that Picon was the name of the Frenchman who made the bitters, and that citron with which the Amer was mixed was a syrup

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made of citrons and was mixed with the bitters out of a certain perversity characteristic of the French to mix the bitter and sweet.

And now the gargon comes forward with a bottle labeled "Amer Picon" and bearing a statement to the effect that the bitters were made of an Algerian root and were very efficacious in cases of fever, ague and nervous depression. After pouring the "bitters" in a glass of tumbler size and mixing with it about one-fourth the quantity of citron, the waiter proceeded to fill the glass with water and after stirring well sat the decoction before the travelers.

It was a solemn moment. Outside the line of tables, Paris passed in procession as before. The newsboys kept proclaiming the fall of the Donna and the imminence of a revolution in Russia, all unconscious of the revolution in making about the table bearing the bottle "Amer Picon."

The weary cochers waved their inviting whips with the same dull air, wearied with their knowledge of the eternal monotony of it all, little thinking that the germ of a great discovery was silently working in evolutionary throes upon the very boulevard whose sameness they had come to regard as established.

Yes, it was a solemn moment and one treated with due solemnity by our friends, and to this day if a stranger on being introduced to "Amer Picon" does not subside into appreciative silence, if he does not at once sink into a contemplation of the eternal principle of good in the universe, but on the contrary engages in ordinary table chatter or continues a useless discharge of dull ideas, he is silently and compassionately but none the less sternly dropped from consideration for membership in that heaven-blessed body, The Amer Picon Club.

After tasting slowly and appreciatively of the beverage after quietly noting its name in their note-books, and after painfully practicing the way of saying "Gargon, donnez-moi un Amer Picon," our friends settled back quietly in their chairs to a realization of the great fact.

It was a long time before the Judge emitted the thought that one Amer Picon would turn an Anchorite into a howling Dervish. He lighted a new cigar and had almost consumed it before he broke out into an ecstatic enumeration of the virtues hidden in "Amer" and its great possibilities.

"Why," said he, "one Amer would make a jack rabbit sit up and slap a bulldog in the face." Would that we could indulge in the verbal pyrotechnies set off by the Judge on this occasion. He prattled in hexameters. He was a fountain of words. They flowed from

him with the same pleasing gurgle that the Amer flowed from its bottle. And having started, there was not an end to his discourse as there was to the amer. Had it not been necessary to go off up to the Rue de Clichy to a restaurant said by Wake to be renowned for its tripe a la mode, he would have made a peroration fit for his subject, but the best remarks about amer were stifled in the Judge's bosom, and now the reader will have to learn of the virtues of the beverage in the sacred precincts of the Amer Picon Club if he be so fortunate as to gain admittance, as we earnestly trust he will.

CHAPTER XXI.

PARIS AT NIGHT.

Into the Rue de Clichy, just above the Rue St. Lazare, went the party and upstairs on the second floor of a small restaurant to be attended by a solicitous and attentive waiter. Brown and Wake proclaimed the tripe a chef d'oeuvre, but the Judge pined for other things and would have none of it, though the place pleased him, for it was French every inch, from the carte du jour to the old roue several tables removed, engaged in the pastime of pinching the cheeks of a charming but hardly innocent looking French damsel of possibly eighteen summers, who was almost openly engaged in carrying on a flirtation with an equally old and ugly-looking Philistine at an adjoining table.

Then out into the street again to take coffee and cognac at a table along the boulevard and smoke their cigars and afterwards off to the Moulin Rouge, for it was still early and too soon to attempt the real sights of pleasure-loving Paris.

They stood about in the Moulin Rouge in the space back of the seats. A vaudeville performance in front of them on the stage and behind them in the "promenoir," dancing couples and prowling cocottes. It was all sordid and almost flagrantly vicious and did not detain the party long.

The cabarets were the real attractions. If they were vulgar it was only at times, and then with an honest, open, hearty vulgarity, which was only of good fellowship and was lost to sight in the spontaneity of the clever vulgarian and wholly swallowed up in the general healthy tone of the place, a tone in such direct contrast to the Moulin Rouge.

The Cabaret du Conservatoire du Montmartre, its walls decorated by sketches made by its habitués, with here and there a cartoon, was the first introduction of the party to the regular cabaret of the Montmartre.

During the evening they visited the Cabaret de Bruant, the Quat-Z'Arts, where sing the best of the chansonniers, and the Boîte a Fursy, half cabaret and half theater, where all of clever Paris attends to hear the latest satires of Henri Fursy.

These cabarets are unique and have no parallel in this country.

They are small, uncomfortable places, with hard, wooden benches running about the walls and long, rough tables set before the benches. At one side of the room there is always a piano and beside it a raised platform, where the chansonnier takes his stand to sing the song he has written and which is now being heard on every phonograph in Paris.

As one enters the proprietor shouts a noisy welcome from some part of the room, or else makes a jest of the newcomer and joins in the general laugh which follows. After this regular greeting one is permitted to find an obscure corner and listen to the political or satirical songs, mostly written by the chansonniers themselves, and the quality of these songs is of the best, for here is the cradle of much of French art. In these cradles of art first appeared sketches and poems of authors like Armand, Masson and Rollinat, with illustrations by such celebrated artists as Caran d'Ache and Willette.

A certain boisterous humor prevails in all the cabarets, and particularly is this true of Aristide Bruant's. Here the party almost fell afoul of French humor. The Judge had invested ten centimes in a copy of one of the songs, and as the party was about to leave the cabaret the price of the song was demanded again, and on meeting with a refusal to pay a second time one of the habitués snatched the Judge's hat and locked it in a small cabinet on the wall. "Donnez moi ma chapeau," demanded the Judge, and his demand was taken up and made into a sort of nasal chant in which everyone joined: "Donnez moi ma chapeau!" "Donnez-moi, Donnez-moi." The effect was indescribably funny and soon everyone was laughing heartily with everyone else. The hat was produced and the Judge essayed a speech in French, each word being punctuated by vociferous applause. Finally he presented a cigar with much ceremony to Aristide, and what might have terminated unpleasantly was ended in the most gratifying way, and the party went out on the boulevard full of praises for that great French institution, the cabaret.

From the cabarets to the Victor Masse was but a step or two and soon the whole scene had changed and a new aspect of la Vie Parisien was on view within the walls of the Bal Tabarin. Here was a large ball room, ablaze with lights and crowded to the doors. Even the galleries, which ran all around the walls of the room, were full of men and women seated at tables or lounging about and gazing at the dancers below. The dance was "La Likette," so named in some sardonic and shameless vein of French humor. The dance itself was more sensuous and abandoned than one could well indicate. The

flushed and emotion-surged faces of the women, the sinuous movements of their bodies, the villainously suggestive notes of the music and the horrid leer of the eyes of some devotee of the dance not yet immersed in its sensuous results, all made for a scene flagrantly vile and disgustingly vicious.

Here was a view of the real side of French life, the side the French seem to live for, and this open, shameless view of it confirmed one in the belief that Filson Young is right in saying: "Paris thinks of only one thing, exists for only one thing. All day it toils and earns money, and builds houses, and prepares food, in order that at night it may devote itself to its one interest."

After the Bal Tabarin the party went to the Cabarets du Ciel and L'Enfer to inspect what proved to be but very sordid illusions with the inevitable sexual note being constantly sounded. The waiters dressed as apostles and chanting some unattractive jargon, sacrilegious and without even the merit of cheap wit, the tableaux by unattractive women of the boulevards, all served to make for vulgarity and the commonplace. This aspect was a little relieved when young Erbacher was persuaded to go through the ghastly ceremony of being tied to a stake and burned alive. He was induced to go on the stage and suffer himself to be bound to a stake. Presently his body was seemingly enveloped in flames and when these died down nothing was left but a shocking, charred corpse; but even this only raised the tedium for a moment, and it was good to get away from this tawdry and trite entertainment in the company of the rustling chestnut trees out on the moon-lit boulevard.

It was two o'clock in the morning and the party was beginning to be hungry, and Wake's suggestion of a little supper at the Cafe du Rat Mort was well received. Soon they were all up on the second floor of this well-known place, seated with their backs to the wall and gazing at the fevered fun of the "elegant cocotte." They had arrived in the midst of the fun, a red-coated first-violin had stepped forth from the band and was playing a cakewalk, while a handsome, overdressed woman, cigarrette in hand and face flushed with wine, went up and down the long side of the L-shaped room between the tables, gracefully dancing the graceless and awkward dance.

While the waiter brought delicious soupe a l'oignon and the omelet au rum, a second Carmen came forth and danced to the music of her country. She danced down to the Wakes' table, and made some jest upon the youth of Erbacher, and then she was off to another to sit upon someone's knee.

PHILADELPHIANS ABROAD

When the party issued from the cafe to the Rue Pigalle it was daylight, the morning air had a cooling effect upon the jaded and fevered sense, and as Brown and the Judge rode through the Parisian streets, now being cleaned and watered, it was with a general feeling of having seen enough of that side of Paris—that side which is of the boulevards and the shaded lamps, of the gorgeous gowns and the flashing jewels.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LOUVRE.

The next morning at eleven o'clock found them at the entrance to the Louvre deep in the business of arranging for the guardianship of that inimitable "guide and interpreter," "Colonel" J. D. Stickney, with his creased and edge-worn "permanent authorization from the custodian of the national palaces," with his certificates and testimonials innumerable, with his list of patrons, from General Grant down through the Vanderbilts and Morgans to the Carnegies, all speaking highly of his qualities, but not more eloquently than he himself spoke, nor more clearly than his general air and appearance proclaimed the broken character long since surrendered to absinthe and *Le Vie Parisien*.

Long live Stickney and when he dies may he ascend to some absinthian paradise of his dreams!

He took the two voyagers through a portion of the Louvre and gave them memories never to be forgotten. He insisted upon Brown and the Judge using the whispering vases—he disclosed to their view the Venus di Milo and the Nike of Samothrace, and he showed the Michel Angelos, the Raphaels, the Titians, the Leonardo da Vincis, the Correggios, and especially Murillo's "Conception," and more especially Ingre's "La Source" and Greuze's "Spring" and a number of Corots.

And afterwards a cigarette and an Amer Picon at a cafe opposite the Porte Marengo and for the further enjoyment of a modest lunch at the Bouillon Aristide on the Rue St. Honore.

Ah! it was a day to be marked with a white stone. The afternoon was spent on the Seine. Stickney and his charges took the Bateau Hirondelles for St. Cloud and Suresnes. There the now inevitable Amer Picon was had in the beautiful gardens of the Ermitage de Longchamp. Then back by tram car to the Place de la Concorde, skirting the Bois du Boulogne almost the entire trip. Then the underground railway to the Arc de Triomphe and back by way of the Pont Neuf to the Cafe Modern, where Stickney initiated his charge in the mysteries of mixing absinthe. "Mix slowly and let it stand for half an hour—and then throw the mixture into the street," said Stickney. Alas! he never did so.

PHILADELPHIANS ABROAD

When dinner time came Brown proposed a dinner in keeping with the day and a special carriage was ordered, and Antoine, on the box, wore a brilliant cockade and, attired in evening clothes, the two worthies rolled out through the Bois, through the multitude of carriages, with their brilliant-looking occupants, to the Cafe Catelan, where they dined in state on fifty francs, with Neirsteiner and Filets sole and Augeau and afterwards drank their black coffee and smoked long cigars and swore there were never two such men and that the world was not such a dull old place after all.

And then, when they came back, they met Duncan Anderson, another guide and friend of Stickney, and they went out along the boulevards and sat at the little three-legged tables and drank their bock, while Marius Wirtz sat opposite and made their silhouettes and told them of his struggles and was very grateful for their cigarettes and bock.

Poor Marius Wirtz, who lived at 4 Passage Piemantsi, Montmartre, and who had such great dreams of being a sculptor of renown! We hope he is making great progress in the world, and it is not so "*tres difficile*" for him to eke out his existence in that cold, careless, pleasure-loving Paris of his.

CHAPTER XXIII.

VERSAILLES.

Promptly at nine the next morning Stickney was off with his patrons to the Gare St. Lazare, where "trois premier classe billets" were purchased for Versailles, and the party was off on the Chemin de Fer.

The Grand Trianon was first visited. The day was clear and the air balmy and wandering about the gardens of the Grand and the Petit Trianon, listening to Stickney's stories of Madame de Maintenon and Marie Antoinette, or to his tales of Du Barry, called up by a sight of her quaint sleigh, gave the right tone to such a setting.

What visions of the past one could conjure up at sight of the Swiss Hermitage, built by a foolish king for the object of his affections—at sight of the Temple of Love, or within Du Barry's own room, with its secret stairway, to that other room where dwelt the supplanter of Cosse de Brissac.

What memories of the time when the sick king was carried from his room in La Petit Trianon to that room in the Chateau of Versailles next to the Oeil-de-Boeuf, and with him Du Barry—"the corpus delicti still under his nose"—poor Du Barry soon to be packed off with the rest of the shams of her time, and leaving these *memento mori* behind her—the costly symbols of the costliest reign of the most extravagant Louis.

It was time to go over to the chateau and see the very rooms, and thither the party went, driving through the park and stopping on the way for lunch at the Hotel Des Reservoirs and then going around to the entrance of the chateau from the gardens, where the long facade can best be seen and where from the terrace may be had the best view of the famous gardens laid out so long ago.

With Stickney preceding and pointing with his cane at the different noteworthy pictures, room after room was visited. The chambers of the queen, with its ceiling paintings by Bonheur, and the chamber of the queen's guards, so well defended once by Mionandre, while the queen, fleeing for her life across the Oeil-de-Boeuf, found safety in the chambers of the king.

And now across this Oeil-de-Boeuf with its memories of those dark days preceding the revolution, when Sansenlottism shook

the gates outside and cried for "bread and the end of these brabbles," and, not getting assurances of bread, broke through the gates and, storming up the marble court, killed the body guard of the king in this very chamber.

What whispering and plotting has been done here—what intrigues and plans have not been formed in this room. There is about it much of the history of the early revolution, and surely from it issued much of the cause of that fearful revolt.

The pictures of the Knights Templar in the room below made Brown linger, and he and Stickney discoursed on the mystery of the hidden shrine.

There was the Seige of Constantine by Vernet and the Storming of the Trocadero by Paul Delaroche, and many pictures of Napoleon, but it had become impossible to individualize the pictures, so many had been seen, and from this collection we went forth to wander around the gardens before taking the train to the Hotel Invalides, there to view the tomb of Napoleon and carry away with us an ineradicable impression of that great man of destiny.

And now, being wearied of sights, we adjourned to the Cafe La Mere Moreaux, where Victor Hugo was wont to smoke his cigarette and refresh himself. Here some of the celebrated fruit preserved in alcohol was eaten and a cigarette smoked to the memory of that great one who knew the people of Paris so well, and afterwards off to dine at the Cafe de la Paix and to spend the evening in and about the boulevards and to revel in their broad spaciousness and in the many types passing to and fro. It was the last night on the boulevards, for the next day was to be spent in shopping and the next evening with Miller and his son, who had arrived from Switerland.

It was good-by to the boulevards, and hence good-by to Paris, to beautiful, gay Patee, "disgusting, delightful Patee."

On Saturday morning the party separated once again, Miller and his son staying over for the Kaiserin Victoria and Brown and the Judge taking the train for Cherbourg to board the S. S. Philadelphia and return to their homes.

Of the homeward voyage there is little to record. The log of that voyage tells of high winds and big seas, of wild storms and dense fogs. Many trips to the lee scuppers are remembered with but few of the passenger list appearing on deck during the entire trip.

Here and there is a glimmer of light as when the memory of Merry Sunshine comes athwart the memory of leaden skies and trou-

bled stomach, and always is the thought of the solicitous Githens adjusting a steamer rug about limbs too cold and unsteady to care for themselves.

But for the whole trip there is a series of memories of the most varied and most entrancing kind—memories of moments it has been impossible to record because their charm was of that intangible character which defies analysis and detail.

It was all in the impression, and one got only as one gave. To each happening there had to be brought a lively interest and sympathy, and indelible impressions only came from tolerant receptivity.

What is there in pigeon pie if it be not its English nativity? And sometimes a cynical, analytical attitude of mind asks the question: "What is there to Amer Picon except that you drank it first on a Parisian Boulevard?" But to this latter question we raise a deprecatory hand of protest. The spirit of tolerance must stop somewhere lest we lose every rallying point of opinion.

And so, adieu.

"For me, my skill's but very sma',
An' skill in prose I've name ava';
But quietlenwise, between us twa,
Weel may you speed!"

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